

# The Round Table.

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## THE ROUND TABLE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 20, 1867.

### NAPOLEON AND BISMARCK.

WHEN Marshal Ney put to the Swiss General Bachman his delicate question, "Do you know that we fight for honor, while you fight for money?" and received the agreeable reply, "Yes, we both fight for that which we have not," he got a terse yet exhaustive explanation of war as it appears to every one but the combatants, and which is not less true because struck out by the heat of an impertinence. The glory of France and the balance of power—two things so far deficient or perturbed of late as to be thought worth fighting to gain or to rectify—will, it seems likely, soon ignite a conflagration to which the struggle which ended at Sadowa was but a bonfire, and whose end none can foretell. Constitutional monarchies as well as republics are ungrateful, and the peace of Villafranca, brought about as it was by Napoleon III., has, through the depression of Austria and exaltation of Prussia resulting from the Prusso-Italian alliance, led the French Empire up to that necessity for the absorption of Luxembourg which promises to be the occasion of the next great European war. In the late speeches of M. Thiers and M. Rouher—the former representing, at least for the time, the true spirit of his nation; the latter, the cautious policy of its imperial ruler—it is easy to see which was inspired by a prophetic spirit of ascendancy; and the significant despatches since brought us by the Atlantic Cable—whether Count Bismark's attitude be as peremptory as represented or not—sufficiently corroborate the impression created by the debate. An incident occurred during this debate, by the way, which deserves relation, both because it will become conspicuously historical and because it illustrates with great force the pressing difficulties of the Emperor's position.

M. Rouher, whom *The Saturday Review* calls his master's first gladiator, happened to refer to the establishment of the empire. The "event," he observed, "of the Second December—" "Permit us," interrupted M. Thiers, without rising, "to forget." The extraordinary effect of the interjection—an indulgence in which seems to be permitted in Gallic as well as in Anglo-Saxon legislative assemblies—may be partly estimated by the fact that the sitting immediately broke up, as another contemporary assures us, in "admirable confusion." It is indeed desirable to persuade the French people to forget not only the origin of the empire but the unfortunate misadventures of its later administration. France has lost prestige by costly blunders during the past few years just as England has lost it by cold-blooded inactivity. It is probable that, if left to himself, Napoleon III. would infinitely have preferred to let both the Rhine and Luxembourg alone rather than to put France in such a position that if Count Bismark stood firm—and he has shown how likely he is to do so—she would have no admissible alternative but to draw the sword; but this is substantially the present state of affairs. The French people, discontented, uneasy, and chafing under repeated national humiliations, are beginning to regard their Caesar with misdoubting eyes. They more than suspect that, as our graphic idiom would put it, he is "losing his grip." Under the circumstances nothing is more unjust than to attribute this threatened clutch at the King of Holland's territory to greed or personal ambition on the part of the Emperor. There cannot be the least doubt but that he is disposed to let well enough alone; but the pressure behind and below him is getting irresistibly strong, and if he does not lead will sweep him like chaff before it. The fantastic theory of M. Rouher that Germany in uniting herself had become weaker—not stronger—that the Old Confederation had seventy-five millions and New Germany only forty—is so weak that even French children laugh at it; understanding, to use the happy simile of *The Spectator*, that mud reduced into brick is twice as strong as

mud not so reduced. That the Emperor himself has for some time ceased to put confidence in the professions which, however, his ministers have still been instructed to advance, is evident from the very great augmentations of his army against which Prussia now somewhat haughtily remonstrates. Napoleon III. understands the people he governs, and knows full well that they will soon insist upon fighting not for money nor for honor exactly, both of which they may fairly be said to have, but for *prestige*, which they have not.

The importance of what is termed the balance of power probably amounts to less than is commonly supposed, although the equipoise established by the Congress of Vienna has been greatly admired by those who have seen in its long and peaceful maintenance more evidence of the sagacity of its framers than of inevitable reaction after prostrating wars. The question is often, in truth, a convenient pretext for the disturbance which it is ostensibly adjusted to forestall, since a change in any part of Europe may serve as an excuse for all the remaining parts to demand fresh arrangements to be made in their own interests. Politics have, after all, no great weight in the drift of affairs compared with the stress of race and natural configuration. The three great European powers united in 1756 to demolish the new state of Prussia. Her position one hundred and ten years after attests the result. The schemes and apprehensions of speculative statesmen often prove alike chimerical, and the notion that France, for her safety, needs more territory is probably as unfounded as the one that, for a similar reason, Russia requires Constantinople. Nevertheless, it is just to remember that, by the usual technical construction, readjustments in Germany entitle France to claim a revision of the treaties of '14-'15. Matters were determined at that date with great particularity, even down to the smallest details. It was found essential to the balance of power that one half the bridge between Strasbourg and Kehl should belong to France, and the other half to the Grand Duchy of Baden. Even the property in the little islands of the Rhine had to be minutely settled in perpetuity, whatever changes in the course of the river should ever thereafter occur. The whole map of Europe was readjusted at the same time, although more pains appears to have been taken with the frontiers of France than with those of any other nation. It is not remarkable that France, having paid seven hundred millions of francs for the advantages of this arrangement, should be solicitous that it should either be respected in its entirety or, being infringed, that she should benefit by the infringement as well as others. There is something here a little more tangible than an idea—rather as the sign or exponent of influence, perhaps, than for more material gain—but enough to make it certain that, come what may, France will not quietly assent to the territorial aggrandizement of Prussia while her own boundaries remain unaltered.

In the event of a conflict, it is probable, although not inevitable, that other European powers will become involved and that the struggle will assume proportions hitherto unwitnessed. The prevalent idea that Prussia must needs, at least at the outset, have the best of such an encounter, we consider to be a decidedly fallacious one. Frenchmen are Frenchmen still, and German troops have not so frequently met them to advantage as to make it certain, for all the flush of triumph and the needle gun, that they will do so now. We must remember that, although prior to its late brilliant campaign the Prussian army has seen no active service for half a century, the French army has been almost constantly in the field. One French soldier in five, it is said, is always in Algeria, and the series of petty wars from Cochinchina to Mexico in which the nation has been engaged, to say nothing of the quickly-ended affair with Austria and the severe experience of the Crimea, have kept its army steadily and thoroughly at work. French armies have hitherto found the road to Berlin a tolerably easy one, and the active preparations which have been ceaseless ever since Sadowa will be found no doubt to have equalized matters in respect of arms. It would be a stupendous mistake for Prussia to look forward to dealing with French troops as she did with the white-coated warriors of Benedek and would certainly

indicate that fifty years had dulled the national memory. Whether it would not prove the wiser part for Prussia to rest content with her fresh-blown honors and solid acquisitions rather than to risk both against the powerful foe who has taught her such bitter lessons in the past, is a thought more likely to weigh with dispassionate spectators than with the aspiring and strong-willed man who dictates the policy of Berlin. It seems probable that, having won her cake, Prussia will be made to fight again to defend it. If the leading spirit of either country were of lesser stature than he is the peace of Europe would have a better chance of preservation; but with Napoleon III. and Bismark standing face to face, opposed upon an apparently insoluble issue, backed by two such nations and with the eyes of the world full upon them, we shall be not a little surprised by other results than such as are of the gravest and most momentous character.

### THE CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION.

THE two great parties have made their nominations of delegates at large to the convention. The character of the names selected is a disappointment to thoughtful men of all political opinions. When Governor Fenton proposed the new feature that, in addition to the ordinary delegates from the several districts, there should be thirty-two chosen by the whole people of the state, good men of all parties hoped much from the suggestion. It was looked upon as ensuring a large infusion of worth and ability into the body charged with the highest political duty. As these thirty-two were to be absolutely chosen, not merely offered for election, by their respective parties, sixteen by each party, it was taken for granted that, to this extent at least, we should have the choice men of the community. The party in power recognized the propriety of having the minority thoroughly represented, and offered them a chance to choose for themselves their very best men. A wise minority would have improved the opportunity so as to make up in some degree for their lack of numbers by the personal weight of those who appeared for them. If the sixteen men nominated by the Democratic party are the ablest sixteen in their ranks, there is very good reason for keeping that party in the minority for a long time to come. The ticket nominated by the Republicans may be a little better, but not enough so to make the contrast very strong. Neither ticket has more than one name upon it which would occur to an impartial outsider as that of one eminently fit for the duty. William M. Evarts on one side and George F. Comstock on the other are the only two of eminent fitness of all the thirty-two. The well-meant efforts of the governor to get us, in this great matter, out of the rut of ordinary politics has turned out a failure. The nominations on both sides are just such as would be made in any ordinary struggle for place among politicians. There are men of some distinction on both tickets, but of distinction rather as active politicians than as able men. On both tickets are to be found the names of men whom rumor connects with past and present operations of the "Ring" in this city and with jobs at Albany. For such men to seek places in a constitutional convention is somewhat novel. The doings of such a body offer few chances for immediate plunder. The motive must be to guard against the possibility of the new fundamental law being made to interfere with plundering for the next twenty years. A new bill of rights may be adopted securing not the privileges of citizens but of city railroads and forbidding vexatious bribery suits against the lobby and their legislative friends.

It is not likely that the district delegates will be equal to these specially chosen members, so that we may anticipate a sorry assemblage gathered together to frame a government for four millions of people. Thinking men of all parties admit the rottenness of their respective party organizations. Corrupt bargaining between the local leaders of opposing parties is a notorious practice, so that, whichever party be uppermost, these bargainers continue to secure and divide their plunder. It looks as if this secret understanding between pretended opponents is to be carried into the convention; if so, there is little hope from it of remedies for existing evils. It is more



likely to make things worse, and to fasten more firmly upon the necks of the people the filthy yoke of the rogues' oligarchy.

#### THE HISTORY OF TO-DAY IN SCHOOLS.

A BOSTON school principal has given a capital hint on the subject of practical education which should not be lost upon the gentlemen who have, in the disposal of the Peabody educational fund, such an opportunity as rarely offers for establishing model systems of instruction on a large scale. The Boston teacher has simply adopted another of the expedients now in vogue for interesting pupils in their studies. He instructs them to find in a newspaper at home some topic which pleases them, and to prepare themselves to give an account of it next day. It is easy to see that an exercise of this description will have not a few good effects on children, although the theory on which the "items" of local newspapers are compiled is not such as to commend them for educational purposes. In its present form the suggestion is not worth much, but it is capable of enlargement into what we believe would prove one of the most desirable educational reforms of this generation.

Every one knows the value, or rather the absolute worthlessness, of historical instruction in all the public and private schools, with very few exceptions, in the country. The experience of most of us is that after a teacher who knows little and cares less about history had forced us through a single Dryasdust text-book, as insipid and repulsive as the catechism, treating of Greece or Rome or the earlier days of England or America, we immediately proceeded to forget all about it, except half-a-dozen confused names and dates and were obliged in after life to acquire what we should have known in childhood. Under the most favorable circumstances, the widest range of a schoolboy's historical knowledge is from Romulus to the fall of the Western Empire, or from the Picts and Scots to, possibly, the Wars of the Roses; of the United States after the Revolution he knows nothing, nothing about the late German war, nothing of the Crimean or Italian war, little of our own civil war beyond that there was one which occasioned discomforts that survive it. Altogether the teachers' theory respecting history is that nothing less than a century old is worth consideration, that nothing shall be put before a child in which he can possibly take an interest, that wherever conflict arises between them history shall give way to mathematical and linguistic bosh of every description. Little less preposterous views prevail on the subject of geography, and there is a moral certainty that children at school generally derive—probably from atlases long since antiquated—merely a jargon of boundaries and capitals without perception that they may have connection with living people or the events of the day. In fine, while on other departments are being bestowed enlightened examination and all the modern improvements, this branch of study—like the modern languages, which are under the same disadvantage of possessing practical utility—has been allowed to remain in disrepute.

Contemporary history, if properly studied, would be among the most profitable of school pursuits. For the lessons of other centuries the minds of children are not prepared, but to observe the course of events passing about them would be only less pleasant than profitable. Contemporary history is that in which we ought to be best, and are apt to be least, versed. It is of very little importance that we can trace the route of Cyrus's army if we are ignorant of that of Sherman's; can give the date of the Battle of Hastings or of Cornwallis's surrender if we do not know about Lee's; or know about the Punic wars, but not that Louis Napoleon and Bismarck stand with their hands on their swords. And all this it is evidently impossible to learn from books, because before books can be prepared the immediate interest of the matter has passed away. It would be a great advance if children were set at studying history—the history of their own state and country, of England, Europe, and the world at large—from the newspapers, and with atlases before them. Unfortunately, our newspapers, as they are now conducted, are calculated to do anything rather than convey clear or

accurate ideas of what is passing around us. But this is a difficulty easy to get over. There are enough competent men who would be very glad to supply a demand by the schools for a weekly digest of the news from all parts of the world, in which, without comments or argument of any kind, a consecutive narration should be given from week to week of all events of interest and importance at home and abroad. The advantages of such a study are too obvious to need insisting upon. Aside from the mere amount learned, nothing that a child could study would go further to make him an enlightened citizen and thorough man of business; to render him observant and, as the phrase runs, "up to the times;" to foster the spirit of enquiry and investigation, and teach him by frequent experience with what caution it is necessary to receive testimony. Quite foreign considerations exist in the certain increase of respect among average people for the schools which made their children so far superior to themselves in a kind of learning they could fully appreciate, in the interest with which children and parents alike would look forward every week to the new text-book which was to replace the exhausted one, and in the fact that among a people enlightened by the diffusion of accurate information of this kind the crude ignorance and deceitful cajoleries of politicians and their newspaper instruments would be held in due contempt. If the study were once generally introduced in our schools the temptation of the hundreds of thousands of copies to be circulated would ensure competition enough to provide an excellence and completeness in the journals that would extend their usefulness far beyond school limits. The experiment could readily be made, and if shown in one instance to be a success would doubtless soon be generally followed. Any persons with facilities and authority—such as the trustees of the Peabody Fund or the school trustees of some enlightened state—could hardly make a greater contribution to popular education than by establishing and perfecting a living study of the kind.

#### UNLOVELY VICE.

VICE without seductive features might naturally be supposed to be no vice at all. The essence of wrong-doing seems to consist in the purchase of an immediate pleasure at the expense of a future penalty. Pleasure to be pleasure must, however, be attractive. It should be crowned with roses, glittering with brightness, wreathed with intoxicating smiles—a something which fascinates the senses without offending the taste, and which lulls conscience by the irresistible spell of voluptuous languor or stifles it through the mad rush of an overwhelming temptation. Vice in Paris it is easy to understand. Vice in London, with its less etherealized sensuality, can be comprehended less readily. Vice in New York, however, is from some points of view entirely enigmatical, so that, to a dispassionate and experienced observer, the wonder is why it should be so much indulged in, and why virtue has not a great many more solid and faithful adherents than she has.

Our theory is that vice here is so surprisingly unattractive, forlorn, coarse, and abject as compared with vice in European cities that New York, at present at least, on a careful consideration of the average force of human temptation and the average strength of human resistance, should properly be found to be one of the most virtuous and exemplary cities in the world. In foreign capitals temptation meets the unwary at every turn and it is necessary for even the most self-poised and scrupulous to be constantly on their guard against it. Here, for the most part, vice has to be sought, and when found it is of the grossest, foulest, and most repulsive sort. If the enemy of mankind were to bring no worse temptation to try our souls than can commonly be seen in Manhattan his success with refined and cultivated souls would be of the poorest. There is not a sin of the every-day kind that is not made in New York, more than anywhere else that we know of, low, disgusting, and filthy. The drink sold in most bar-rooms is so adulterated as to be offensive to the eye and nose as well as to the palate, and the richer foods which are supposed to be most tempting—in the higher-priced restaurant as well as others—are so ill cooked and other-

wise uninviting as to be almost nauseous. Unhappy women, who are supposed to be the prolific cause of the worst vice of a metropolis, are here, take them for all in all, as far the reverse of fascinating or dangerous to a taste of average nicety as imagination can well conceive. To compare the poor creatures who infest certain of our streets with the *habitués* of similar type who throng the Jardin Mabille or even the Haymarket is like contrasting Byron's *Lucifer* with Shakespeare's *Caliban*. Even in the theatres the same remarkable difference is perceptible. The meretricious *coryphées* who embellish our boards would be hissed off the stage at the Gymnase or the Gaieté. In a word, the characteristic of our vice, like many other things among us, is to be commonplace and mediocre, and generally to cultivated people notably coarse and vulgar.

This is, perhaps, a state of things upon which we should congratulate ourselves. Vice is certainly an undesirable thing, and whatever tends to make it less attractive or more forbidding ought, presumably, to be regarded as a blessing to the community. Unfortunately, however, for the validity of this general inference, it is not found that the gross amount of dissipation is decreased by these particular conditions which attend it. Experience shows that bad instincts once excited are constantly drawn to vicious indulgence almost irrespectively of the plane of refinement on which it is to be sought. The man who has habituated himself to too much champagne, being deprived of it will soon reconcile himself, so far as his appetite is concerned, with "forty-rod whiskey." The man who has never known anything better than the latter finds no great difficulty in putting up with alcohol, or even cologne-water or camphene. The consumer of fine cigars, rather than go without tobacco altogether, will readily fall back upon a clay pipe and the rankest of plug tobacco. Such exigencies as these merely have the effect to impart a grosser air to indulgence, to make gratification seem more brutal, to rend away the veils of conventional decorum, and, in general, to favor a state of barbarism.

If it could be shown that good morals were really subserved by making vice so very unlovely we should decidedly advocate the indefinite continuance of the existing order of things; but there are subtleties and shades and bearings in the topic which cannot be got rid of by any such assumption. Civilization is not progressed, we imagine, by the preponderance of the barbaric side of vice, and for such vice as is inevitable it is probably better for the community, not worse, that it should pay a certain homage to decency, cleanliness, and good manners. It was a pity that Claude Duval was a highwayman; but being one it was, on the whole, an advantage that he should have the manners of a gentleman. If anybody could have been converted or otherwise made better by his being a mere ruffianly footpad, we would assent with great pleasure to the metamorphosis; in the absence of any evidence to that effect, we prefer him as he stands in the record. So too of other vices, crimes, or weaknesses. They are rather less hurtful by being associated with redeeming qualities. Undoubtedly, there is a glitter about such association which makes them occasionally bad examples. But on the other hand, were the case different, there would be less credit in resisting temptation. The moralists who would have all vice a monotonous gorgon of ugliness, a thing that "to be hated, needs but to be seen," forget a law without which there would be no vice and no virtue. We rather prefer the homage which is paid to the latter, when wickedness has at least the affectation of pretending to be something purer, sweeter, and nicer than it is; and think New York would be a much more profitable place to live in if it presented here and there a few temptations which strengthened the soul by costing any sacrifice to resist them.

#### INSTINCTIVE MALEVOLENCE.

PEOPLE who have—or who suppose they have, for it comes to the same thing—a Mission in life, are pretty certain to be perennial sources of discomfort that saturate all who cannot escape contact with them. It seems to be an inherent property of Missions that this shall be so and that none, whatever may be its ostensible purpose, can be divested of it. So in the case of people with Missions we have to balance the possible remote good they may effect



against their certain present unpleasantness, and determine from the result whether on the whole most good or evil is likely to come of them. The George Foxes, Mrs. Jellybys, abolitionists, strong-minded women, and radicals of every degree, are being constantly subjected to this process with results differing in different minds. But about one kind of Mission there is no room at all for doubt. This is the one which, without ulterior aim or purpose, seems to possess many men entirely unsuspecting of such possession, and to have the single function of propagating unhappiness.

There are those who, from the hour when their first infantile wail discomposes a peaceful household until they afford to newspapers opportunity to print idealized obituaries or to expectant heirs to ascertain whether their wills atone for the lives of martyrdom they have occasioned, appear to live with no other result than to make wretched their fellows. Nor are such people necessarily misanthropic. In the case of the misanthrope the matter is very clear—he intends to be disagreeable, and he succeeds; and there is the end of it. But there are very many who have no such intent and would be grievously wronged by having it attributed to them, yet who are under a compulsion, so to say, to be social pests. They may have the best intentions in the world, even to that degree that the worst of their attributes may be a profusion of the milk of human kindness that causes it to gush forth upon you whether you will or no; but, like Mrs. Partington, who laments that she cannot open her mouth without putting her foot in it, they are possessed by an inability to do anything without outraging propriety. Evidently, they cannot help it. Like Dogberry's writing and reading, it comes by nature, and any effort at escape produces results akin to the attempts to be at their ease painfully evident in the semi-rustics and hobbledoys who do not know how to dispose their hands and feet. Such persons clearly are not accountable for their conduct, for they are but helpless instruments in the hand of a power higher than themselves. To do the wrong thing when the right one is quite as easy, has become as much a matter of unavoidable instinct with them as it is with the better favored to do the right thing without the possibility of doing otherwise having suggested itself. An existence such as this must be even more painful to the victims than to those about them,—an ever present nightmare warning them—unless they blunder on in placid unconsciousness, as not a few good, stupid people do—that disgrace is impending like Damocles' sword, that a stern fate is lurking in trials wherein they will be found wanting and critical positions in which they will miserably involve themselves. To the humane psychologist and metaphysician no field for investigation should appeal more strongly than the examination whether this affliction of so many of our fellows be a subdued phase of insanity that perpetuates itself in families but may be made to yield before well directed efforts of scientific skill; or whether it be a species of demoniacal possession, in which some malevolent spirit, under a semblance of instinct or impulse, merely awaits the spell of the exorcist to leave the sufferer in his right mind and paths of pleasantness.

The latter supposition gains color from the fact that the quality which, in want of a better name, we have called Instinctive Malevolence invariably attains a rank growth in boyhood—a period whose phenomena are such as can be accounted for on no theory short of demoniacal possession. In the first place, boys are nearly always cruel—morally and physically cruel—and cruelty is simply the voluntary exercise of instinctive malevolence. Then all that comes under the general term mischief is referable partly to this form, partly to a quasi-voluntary one of the quality in question. In addition to these traits, boys are quite sure to tear things, break things, hurt themselves and others, do damage of some kind whenever opportunity affords, until malevolently precise people are reduced to the state of mind respecting them which Miss Murdstone evinced in her first greeting of David Copperfield: "Generally speaking, I don't like boys. How d'ye do, boy?" A different phase of it is beautifully developed in all servants, pre-eminently in female "help"—as our Yankee neighbors ironically term them—of Celtic origin, who uniformly possess a capacity for reducing their mistresses to desperation that can never be sufficiently admired. Indeed, the entire intercourse of England and Ireland has from time immemorial given token of mutual resources of it which are quite surprising in their exhaustlessness, and of which Fenianism is, perhaps, the most triumphant display. But it is impossible to limit the property to any race, age, sex, or condition of men. Everybody has suffered from its demonstrations from all sorts of quarters. Dr. Holmes—who is a profound observer of phenomena of the kind and is, perhaps, the most competent of our scientific men

to grapple with it—is keenly alive to its manifestations, and, apparently when harassed beyond endurance, expressed in his *Daily Trials* the universality of one form of its infliction:

"From crib to shroud!  
Nurse o'er our cradles screameth lullaby,  
And friends in boots tramp round us as we die,  
Snuffling aloud."

It is, in fact, in noises that instinctive malevolence finds one of its most effective appliances. As we write, this is finely exemplified. Above the roar of the street rise the notes of a hand-organ, the man in the adjoining office is whistling, the one in the floor above has established his rocking-chair on a squeaky board, in our outer office a man with a rasping voice jingles pennies and keys in his pocket while he talks about nothing and without indications of stopping, a boy who has brought a message is beating the devil's tattoo on a book, and a peddler is to be heard soliciting custom as he comes along the hall opening the doors. Such is the potency of instinctive malevolence in this respect that at times one is disposed to envy Hood's Mrs. F., who was so very deaf she might have worn a percussion cap and been knocked on the head without hearing it snap. Were one never so deaf it would nevertheless be impossible to escape instinctive malevolence, which pursues us through life as resolutely as *Alra Cura* behind the horseman. You shall be in a hurry to catch a train, and the narrow pavement before you will be filled by a pair of sauntering ladies whose undecided fluctuations head you off on whichever side you attempt to pass, until you turn into the middle of the street and are met by one of the men who always walk on the wrong side and against the stream; you see gaps among the vehicles through which you can cross the street, and have nearly completed the passage when the puffy old gentleman before you becomes alarmed, loses his head, wildly turns back and bears you tumultuously and at imminent danger to life and limb to the point whence you set forth; running the gauntlet of the irresolute people with a faculty for getting into wrong places, you reach the ferry as the boat is evidently preparing to start and are stayed in your progress by a rustic matron fumbling excitedly for the third cent which is not in her pocket and ultimately offering a note that must be changed; on the ferry-boat you sink panting and breathless into a seat and are glared at by one of the ill-conditioned females who hold that they need only to stand demonstratively to force sitting men to surrender; you gain the train, having had your toes and heels mashed by others' heels and toes and your face excoriated by umbrellas during the struggle from the boat; you find an outer seat in which you are exposed to the kind of people who tumble upon you, knock your hat over your eyes, and drop bundles on you; you are at last even finding in sleep refuge from the shrill conversation of the female stranger whose seat you share when the conviction dawns upon her that she is on the wrong train, that her trunk is on the wrong train, that the train will not stop, that the train has already stopped and carried her on, and she clambers over you with entangled hoops and drapery in quest of the conductor; and thus you complete your journey among a careful possession by the demon of instinctive malevolence, who in such places never fails to give his powers full play. Go where you will and do what you will, if only you are among fortuitous assemblages of your fellow-men, he will follow you in some shape of unpleasantness—in shape of elumy and lumbering people, inquisitive and garrulous people, unsavory people, good-natured people of a loud and demonstrative temperament, people who in some way are unfinished, whose presence is offensive, and who, without knowing it and though worthy enough aside from their malevolent idiosyncrasy, are occasioning discomfort to all around them. By analogy, the ubiquity of inherent malevolence becomes, perhaps, one of the strongest arguments in favor of original sin. Clearly, it exists by nature and manifests itself with tenfold activity in savages, rustics, and other beings of imperfect civilization. Which affords room for the hope that an infinite extension of the process which reduces it might serve to render it infinitesimal or even extinguish it utterly. This, however, is a problem for the consideration of optimists and philosophers.

But the most unhappy circumstance respecting inherent malevolence is the fact that it has become embodied in those institutions which every good American knows are great and glorious. It is hardly too much to say that it bids fair to become the life-blood of those institutions. In its passive form, where the agent is unsuspectingly malevolent and contents himself with involuntarily doing what he ought not to do, we are no mean proficients, as most of those will be ready to confess who assisted in the election of our President, and as others will admit who have noted with what success our Con-

gress rival our English cousins in How Not To Do It. But it is in deliberately intentional malevolence that we are learning to excel. To injure and destroy has become the great end and aim of a large part of the community. Our parties, for instance, do not labor to establish confidence in themselves as much as to destroy faith in their opponents. The political papers have long ago relinquished the attempt to prove their own heroes patriots or statesmen, and are content to convict their adversaries of being blunderers and traitors. In the dispute whether we should buy Russian America—including a population of Esquimaux men and brethren for whose votes we shall in time begin to compete in the usual manner—the one side dwelt less upon any drawbacks attending the purchase than upon the fact that it was dear to Mr. Seward's heart and Mr. Seward ought to be snubbed; so to the opposite party the consideration of the value of the region was of minor importance to the fact that England would be chagrined by our acquisition of it. Indeed, the whole purpose of our newspapers of late has been not so much to benefit any one or advance any interest as to hurt somebody—and, in truth, they succeed admirably. Even our theologians and the religious press seem more intent upon demolishing the Papacy or Ritualism or Protestantism, or whatever their animosity may chance to be, than in the propagation of simple Christianity. In the present Congress and that which preceded it, malevolence, pure and simple, has been the actuating motive, and it has sowed a fruitful crop of hydra's teeth. The situation recalls that of the Kilkenny cats, and it needs little reflection to see what we shall come to if the entire community devotes itself to tearing down and nobody to building up. It would be excessively mortifying if the Mission of our Great Republic should miscarry as signally as the last century's Republic of Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity, and if, instead of establishing the rights of man on a firm foundation, we should merely raise in the New World a despotic throne for the demon of Instinctive Malevolence.

#### BOOK-TITLES.

PROBABLY one of the most voluminous works which any compiler could write would be a simple catalogue of all the books that have ever been published. If all the forgotten works, not merely whose matter but whose titles have passed from the memory and records of man, could be discovered and their contents reviewed, we should no doubt be more willing to admit than we are at present that there is nothing new under the sun. It is almost impossible to find a new subject to write about, says Chaucer:

"Out of the olde felides, as men sayeth,  
Cometh all this new come fro yeare to yeare,  
So out of olde books, in good faith,  
Cometh all this new science that men lere."

All primitive sorts of knowledge are explained in different ways by hundreds of authors; all the sciences are written up; the history of every government or community that ever existed has been recorded; travellers have given accounts of every nook and corner of the earth; the biography has been printed of every person of whom a dozen people cared to know; and the number of diaries, autobiographies, confessions, reveries, letters, heart histories, and experiences of all sorts of people which has been published is really astonishing. All the poetical ideas, all plots for novels, all romantic names for heroes and pretty names for heroines, are exhausted. And yet, as in the time of Solomon, "of making many books there is no end;" and probably no more of our books will go down to remote posterity than have come to us from the era of the wise man.

It is with the greatest difficulty that an author can invent a new title for any literary work. We have started from the fewest letters of the alphabet and gone, apparently, to the highest number. Some years ago a work was issued in London entitled *R*. It was a very good name to advertise, and for days before it appeared the dead-walls of the city and the columns of the newspapers were filled with such laconic sentences as "Buy *R*!" "Read *R*!" "Order *R*!" In our libraries there is a book entitled *We*; by *Us*. We have not come across any book with a single letter for a title, but it may be suggested that many autobiographies which the reader will call to mind might very properly—following the custom of novelists in using the name of the principal character for the title—be called *I*; by *Me*. There are two novels which we know of named simply *Zoe*, and also two entitled *Nun*, one by Mrs. Sherwood and the other by Charles Spindler. There are a number of such titles as *Rob Roy*, *Ida May*, *Two Men*, etc. The number of letters increasing, we have such titles as *Lulu*, by Walworth; *Self*, by Mrs. Gore; *Flirt*, by Mrs. Grey; *Twins* and *Heart*, by Tupper; *Alone*, by Mrs. Terhune; *Alina*



by Mrs. Grey; *Quits, Quest, Frank, Oscar, Vivian, Caste, Zillah, What Not*, etc. Elliot's translation of the New Testament had this title: *Wusku-Wuttesthementum Yul-Lorduman Jesus Christ Nuppoghwusuanennum*. Rabelais proposed the following as the name of a book: *Antipericatamelaparhengeamphicibrationes*.

In 1661 a book by Robert Lovell was published at Oxford entitled, *Panzologicomineralogia: A Complete History of Animals and Minerals, containing the Summe of all Authors, Galenical and Chymicall, with the Anatomie of Man, etc.* A tragedy once published in London in pamphlet form was called, *Chrononhotonthologos: the Most Tragical Tragedy that ever was Tragedized by any Company of Tragedians*; and the two first lines were as follows:

"Aldibarontiphoseophornio!  
Where left you Chrononhotonthologos?"

Manserit must be highly entertaining if the following literary announcement from Leipzig may be relied on:

"Our readers will be obliged to us for drawing their attention to some Manserit works which will shortly appear. We have not read the books ourselves, but if their contents are as interesting as their titles their perusal must be the acme of delight. The titles are: *Sacpantachakachavimahamantrastotra, Tragunatnikakalkistotra, Upangalativatodyapana, Sankarhatatathurthieratodyapana, and Anantatschaturdarierakathas*."

Our catalogues are literally flooded with alliterative titles, from the best writers down to the most bewildering romances in yellow and illuminated covers. The principal characters have such names as Nicholas Nickleby, Denis Duval, Robert Rueful, Morton Montague, Peter Ploddy, Dora Deane, Dora Darling, Mary Maturin, Lionel Lincoln, Dennis Donne, Valentine Vox, May Martin, Rachael Ray, Rhoderick Rhu, notwithstanding that such names are rarely met with in daily life. Then we have such titles as *Picklewick Papers; Potiphar Papers; A Strange Story; A Simple Story; Seven Stories; Sunbeams and Shadows; Charms and Counter Charms; Love me Little, Love me Long; Married, not Mated; Lessons in Life; Afloat and Ashore; Spruce and Splashes; Wept of Wish-ton-Wish; Wing and Wing; Water Witch; A Woman's Way; Land at Last; Marrying for Money* (which is not by any means a new idea in novels); *Damsel of Darien; Lady Lisle; Miss Mackenzie; Claude the Colporteur* (who must have been a remarkable contrast to Claude Duval); *Mistress and Maid; Counts and Countesses; Country Curate; The Woman in White; The Dark Lady of Doona; Winning His Way; Whimsical Woman; Footlight Flash-es; From Dawn to Daylight*, by Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher, and possibly Mr. Beecher's forthcoming novel will have an alliterative title, though Mr. Bonner denies that it is to be named *The Call of the Clergyman*, as was stated. Then come *Brandon, the Buccaneer; Rudolph, or the Red Ranger of the Roaring Rapids; The Lunatic Lover; The Rebel Rover; The Bloody Bandit of the Black Chasm*, etc. Reynolds's *Wagner, the Wehr Wolf*, is a triumph of alliteration and mystery. It carries with it an atmosphere of the wildest romance. *Wehr* is especially good, because it is so suggestive of *weird*. *Rowbridge's Cudjoo's Cave*, with the picture of the cave, was a more recent triumph in this line.

The words *mystery, strange, and hidden* are so often used that it would be tedious to name the titles in which they occur. But there are certain combinations of letters and syllables that give the same effect, though these words are not expressed; as, *Waconata, or the Prophecy; Kaloolah; Eoline; Lavengro; Salvazzy; Melincourt; Cerise; Lajetchnikoff; The Heretic; Dharma; Jargal; Aurifodina; Azarian*; and most of Miss Augusta J. Evan's titles, as *Boulah, Macaria, Inez, St. Elmo*. Such titles as *Thousand and One Phantoms; Magic Goblet; Lover's Stratagem*, and Miss Braddon's *Three Times Dead*, are also appetizing. There are many titles about hearts, as in *Hearts Unveiled; Only a Woman's Heart; Heart Histories; The Dead Heart*; and about love, as in *Love in High Life; Love after Marriage; Love's Conflict; A Life in Love; Love and Money; Love and Meritism; Love and Ambition; Love and Duty; Love a Reality; Love's Labor Won* (in refutation of Shakespeare); *Dumb Love; Wild Love*, etc. Then we have *The House on the Rock; The House on the Moor; The House of Seven Gables; Bleak House; The Small House at Allington; Mordant Hall; The Mill on the Floss; Orley Farm; Castle Dangerous; Castle Dismal; Castle Richmond; Castle Wefer; Castle Avon; Castle of Elvenstein; Castle of Otranto; Castle Builders; Castle's Heir; Castles in the Air*, etc.

More recently authors have sought novelty by choosing common phrases, and sometimes whole sentences, for titles. Mr. A. S. Roe seems to take a peculiar pleasure in these, as for instance his works, *How Could He Help It? A Long Look Ahead; To Love and to be Loved; True*

*to the Last; Like and Unlike; Looking Around; Time and Tide*. But we have also Bulwer's *What will He Do with It? Dickens's Our Mutual Friend; Why Paul Ferroll Killed His Wife; No! or It was to Be; Live and Let Live; Married and Single; Means and Ends; Up the River; What is this Mystery? Trodden Down; Too Good for Him; Live It Down; Look to the End; Look Before You Leap; Such is Life; Taken upon Trust; Which, the Right or the Left? Recommended to Mercy; Broken to Harness; East and West; Who Goes There? Which is the Winner? Thinks I to Myself*, etc. The last is by E. Nares. Some one has written quite a story with merely a publisher's circular for his vocabulary:

"Belial, feeling himself somewhat Alone in the World, bethought himself of taking a stroll. He passed The House by the Churchyard and, after tramping down the Wheat and Tares, emerged By the Sea. There, as it were, advancing Against the Wind and Tide, he spied Beneath the Surface Breakers Ahead. This was A Bad Beginning—a kind of Notice to Quit—so he turned into Helforest, and encountered Some Famous Girls (both Black and White) who have since become Famous Women. He was introduced to A Woman of Spirit by a Woman Without. He beheld Eleanor's Victory and Christian's Mistake, and heard Carry's Confession. 'Here be Shattered Idols and Singed Moths,' quoth he; 'Grasp your Nettle, but Look before you Leap, for Who Breaks—Pays.' Eleanor was Put to the Test, Christian was Paid in Full, and Carry was Recommended to Mercy. It was just the Darkest before Dawn; but Belial perceived The Woman in White (Moulded out of Faults) fighting with the Man in Chains, and How to Manage It she did not know. Once and Again she seemed Lost and Saved, but at last she inflicted The Cruellest Wrong of All, and fled, crying out Quits! A Life for a Life! and she was Left to the World Alone. It was to Be and Such Things Are, for, though Wondrous Strange, they are Too Strange not to be True."

Another has written what he calls a novel poem, commencing,

"John Halfpax and Rachel Ray  
Met at The Wayside Cross,  
Intent on doing A Dark Night's Work  
At The Old Mill on the Floss,  
Which was John Marchmont's Legacy,  
Left to Denis Duval,  
Brother-in-law to Miss Mackenzie,  
Heiress to Mordant Hall.  
"But Strathmore and Aurora Floyd,  
On The Wife's Evidence,  
Either induced by Very Hard Cash  
Or a Mother's Recklessness,  
Gave the couple Notice to Quit,  
Or lose a Bosom Friend  
And be Quite Alone, and with No Name;  
And Self should Look to the End."

All this is after the manner of the letter addressed to Liston, the actor, made up of the names of plays popular in the last century, and showing that there were the same conceits in titles as now:

"Friend Liston, Better than Never. You are All in the Wrong to make yourself such a Busybody about acting; but Every Man in his Humor. I'll tell you what, he would if he could be a Critic, a very Peeping Tom; such things are the rage. All's Well that Ends Well. I scorn to play The Hypocrite, and wish we were Next-door Neighbors; then we could have The School for Scandal, a Quarter of an Hour before Dinner, or Half an Hour after Supper; talk of Ways and Means, The Wheel of Fortune, The Follies of a Day, Humors of an Election, and make quite a Family Party, be all in Good Humor, and never have The Blue Devils; but may you and your lady always prove The Constant Couple. Pray how is Miss in her Teens? By-and-by she will be sighing Heigho for a Husband. I hope he will not prove a Deaf Lover, but may they possess Love for Love. You are a Married Man and know How to Rule a Wife, and Mrs. L. I have no doubt, understands The Way to keep Him; may she prove a Grandmother, and be happy in her Son-in-Law. Now as to this letter, What d'ye call it? Believe me, in this Romance of an Hour, I do not mean Cross Purposes, but rather hope it will be The Agreeable Surprise. You may wonder, but the author is The Child of Nature whose whole life has been A Chapter of Accidents and Much Ado about Nothing, who endeavors to keep up his vivacity Abroad and at Home, has Two Strings to his Bow, and is no Liar when he says he is yours truly.—August 8, 1802. Sunday, Sevenoaks, Kent."

Why not continue this style of title still further? For instance, *Up and Down, Over and Under, We won't go Home till Morning, What's your Opinion? Hoop de Dooden Do, Money makes the Mare Go, Not if I Know Myself, What'll you Take? Ik Hum Hoddly, On a Bust, I Think so Myself, Nix cum Arouse, Has He been "Seen"? Too Rat Too Rat, Up to Snuff*, etc.

We have had, too, quite an inundation from the presses of utility books, teaching people how to manage in household affairs and how to become good tillers of the soil, and various other matters of private economy: as *Comfort for Small Incomes; Happy Homes for Working-men; How I Managed on £300 a Year; Plain Words about Wealth; Homes without Hands; The Story of a Stomach; Why Not, a Book for Every Woman; Canada, Why We Live in It*, etc.

The scarcity of new titles is especially seen in such

books as Collins's *No Name*, Bulwer's *My Novel*, and G. P. R. James's *Story Without a Name*.

We are surprised to notice that, while there is so much alliteration in titles, there are few or no rhymes. Here is a new field. Let us suggest, for instance, *Histories and Mysteries, The Tavern by the Cavern, The Bold Buccaneer and the Bald Brigadier, The Brave Slave's Cave which the Wild Waves Lave*. Why not, also, have a pun once in a while in a title, as *You See, by Us* (the hero's name being Eusebius); *Spiritualism, a Rhap-sody; The Thread of a Sewing Girl's Narrative; The Tale of an Irish Bull*, etc. We believe there is a book called *Pieces of a Broken-down Critic*.

Allegory seems to have gone mostly out of use in titles. In 1788 the following named book was published in London: *Deep Things of God, or Milk and Strong Meat; containing Spiritual and Experimental Remarks and Meditations suited to the cases of Babes, Young Men, and Fathers in Christ, particularly to such as are under Trials and Temptations, and who Feel the Plague of their own Hearts*. 12mo, 2s., boards, Mathews. Here is the title of a book by a Quaker: *A Sign of Sorrow for the Sinners of Zion, Breathed out of a Hole in the Wall of an Earthen Vessel, known among Men by the Name of Samuel Fish*. A Jesuit once wrote a pamphlet, it is said, in reply to a book by Sir Humphrey Lind, the Puritan, which he called *A Pair of Spectacles for Sir Humphrey Lind*. Sir Humphrey replied by a pamphlet entitled *A Case for Sir Humphrey Lind's Spectacles*. We read that a book printed in Cromwell's time was named *A Pair of Helious to Blow off the Dust east upon John Fry*. We also read of such titles as *Crumbs of Comfort for Chickens of Grace; The Gun of Penitence; A Footpath to Felicitie; A Fun to drive away Flies* (a treatise on purgatory); *Matches Lighted at the Divine Fire; The Plants of Pleasure and the Grove of Graces; The Heart of Aaron; A Guide to Godliness; A Box of Precious Ointment for Sole's Sores; The Shop of the Spiritual Apothecary*. Hardly more ludicrous to our modern ideas would be the titles which, we are told, have appeared upon some French books of burlesque, as *The Snuffers of Divine Love; The Spiritual Mustard Pot to make the Soul Sneeze with Devotion; The Capuchin, Booted and Spurred for Paradise*. It was a queer fancy which led Defoe to write a *History of the Devil*; Gray, an *Ode on the Death of a Cat*; Swift (who was always indulging in surprising mental recreations), a *Meditation on a Broomstick*; someone, a *Defence of Drunkenness*; some other, *The Praise of Folly*; and Mrs. Macauley to name a book *Loose Thoughts*. The last, as all have read, was the occasion of Sheridan's reply when asked if he did not think it a strange title: "By no means; the sooner one gets rid of such thoughts the better."

Punch frequently makes some extraordinary suggestions for titles. By the author of *Turkey and its Destiny* he announces *Capon, and its Capabilities; Veal, and its Woes; Mutton, and its Capons; Chicken, and its Paint-heartedness; Gin, and its Bitters; Curd, and its Wheys*. Also, *The Moderately-Sized Country Town*, by the author of *The Great Metropolis; The Babies of England; The Cooks of England; The Applewomen of England*, by the author of *The Women of England; and Softness, Leanness, and Fatness*, by the author of *Hardness*. Also *The Reminiscences of an Organ-Grinder, The Journal of an Upper Housemaid where a Footman is kept, The Disgusted One, and The Comical-Struck Cook, or Love and Trigonometry*.

#### WOMEN AND LITERATURE.

WHAT literature shall I read? and how shall I read it? are two questions of great import to every person of literary taste and culture. They are too closely connected to admit of separation; yet the choice of what we shall read naturally precedes the how. A book is a true daguerreotype of the soul. If that soul be vitiated—if the fountains of purity be poisoned—then whatever comes from that soul must be corrupt. A clean thing cannot emanate from an unclean. As well might you expect good Newtown pippins from a thorn as to expect a good book from a vile heart. "A good book," as Milton expresses it, "is the precious life-blood of a master spirit embalmed and treasured on purpose to a life beyond life." It is "the precious life-blood" of a heart that has conquered itself, that has seen and felt that heart's yearnings after truth. And so that person who drinks in the immortality in a good book, who draws from thence the deep convictions of his own heart, who sees his own soul mirrored in its pages, who desires that food which strengthens for a loftier purpose and nobler action, will be exalted above the gross conceptions of a vulgar mind. He need not lack for company when he can associate with the master spirits of the world. He



may be neglected by outside society, but he receives the cordial welcome of those who are truly great.

It is trite enough to say that "a man is known by the company he keeps." But no less true is it with regard to his choice in reading than in his actual companionships. The man of pleasure, the man of weak intellect, the man who nourishes passion and loves excitement, will be found poring over the vulgar and insipid pages of a thoughtless and ill-written novel. The grasp of his mind is no firmer, the avenues to his soul are no purer, than are those of his constant companion—the silly fiction. But he who seeks a true development, whose mind craves the cultivation and graceful adornments of the gentleman and scholar, will find his companionship among kindred minds, and his delight in commensurately polished and refined productions.

And so do we believe that woman should study the soul that is enshrined within the covers of a good book. It is this which should decide her selections in literature. If you know the writer, be sure his productions will be the embodiment of himself. Spurn everything which bears the semblance of an evil heart. Despise inferiority and mediocrity; welcome only the best. There are many books written to pander to appetite and foster vulgarity. They arouse the passion for excitement, undermine the powers of reason, and make the mind feeble and vacillating. They leave a desert waste where should be a fertile oasis. They choke the fountains of pure enjoyment and leave behind them sterility and ennui. They create an imaginary existence and destroy our feeling for the real one. They make life a lazy dream instead of an energetic, responsible waking. They smooth over the rough and rugged places, while our true road is over jagged rocks and precipitous heights.

There is not as yet among the American people that attention paid to the education of women that there should be. We do not yet appreciate that woman is capable of a true intellectual development. To be sure many expend money sufficient for the purpose, but it does not bring proper return. The chief difficulty lies in the lack of thoroughness. We do not altogether accept the dogmas promulgated at woman's rights conventions; but we do maintain that a proper mental development is rightfully demanded by the sex. It should always be remembered, however, that female education, although collateral, cannot and should not be the same as man's. The distinction is eternal that thought predominates in man and feeling in woman. Still, in admitting this distinction, we must not forget the essential unity of the human soul. Reflection should be an attendant upon feeling, and feeling upon reflection. They are necessary to each other in the true development of character. But we should not attempt to root out that very nature which God has implanted in woman in order to replace it by another which is, to a certain extent, foreign to her. By this means she is absolutely unsexed. Victorian is made to say, meditatively, in Longfellow's *Spanish Student*:

"What I most prize in woman  
Is her affections, not her intellect!  
The intellect is finite; but the affections  
Are infinite, and cannot be exhausted."

Now, what course of reading will best attain the desired object—the proper education of woman?

The answer to the question must vary with different temperaments and situations; but there are some things which, broadly speaking, most women should know more of than they do. History, for example, as it comprehends humanity upon a broad generalized basis, has a demand upon the attention of every human being. It takes possession of man's past experience and points out to him, in a measure, his future destiny. It chronicles life in its whole range of thought and feeling, and considers man in his various relations, under what laws he lived, what conventionalities formed the rule of society, and what theology shaped his moral and religious being. Such works as Grote, Hume, Gibbon, Buckle, Guizot, and Motley have written are the text-books which form the reflective and philosophic mind. They describe human action. And what is philosophy but human action analyzed? There is another class of writers with whom cultured women should keep abreast, who are the generators of what is distinctively termed polite literature. They are the novelists and essayists of our day. They challenge attention from every nook and corner of the literary world. They fill magazines and creep into the columns of daily newspapers, and great numbers appear in more pretentious and substantial guise. What shall the reader do? She cannot pay attention to all. Her time demands that she undertake and do with some end in view. She should, therefore, choose the best and bid a final adieu to inferiority; a task which is not easy, but which, with judicious advice, is possible. Wisely to select poetry is one of the hardest things for

the feminine mind. There is so much poetry which is partly objectionable and partly salutary that choice becomes very puzzling, and the resource of generally avoiding poetry altogether is a very poor one. For poetry is the language of the affections; and if it affords pabulum, therefore, for any minds, it should be for those of women. The age, however, that has produced Elizabeth Barrett Browning and, later, Jean Ingelow ought to be the harbingers of wise discernment as well as of the perfection of all that is gracious and beautiful in the sex; the former charming woman was indeed a model whose study should better her succeeding sisters to the end of time.

#### ALBION PAPERS:

BEING FAMILIAR SKETCHES OF ENGLAND AND THE ENGLISH.

NO. VII.—ENGLISH AND AMERICAN WOMEN.

BY AN AMERICAN.

THE clever author of *New America*—a book which is having, perhaps, the largest sale in this country ever enjoyed by any Englishman's account of it—has something to say in his thirty-seventh chapter which, bearing as it does on an interesting if somewhat hackneyed subject, I may here be permitted in his own language to quote:

"What do you say, now, to our ladies?" said to me a bluff Yankee, as we sat last night under the veranda here in the hotel at Saratoga. "Charming," of course I answered; "pale, delicate, bewitching; dashing, too, and radiant." "Hoo!" cried he, putting up his hands; "they are just not worth a d—." "They can't walk, they can't ride, they can't nurse." "Ah, you have no wife," said I in a soothing tone. "A wife!" he shouted; "I should kill her." "With kindness?" "Ugh!" he answered; "with a poker. Look at these elits here, dawdling by the fountain. What are they doing now? What have they done all day? Fed and dressed. They have changed their clothes three times, and had their hair washed, combed, and curled three times. That is their life. Have they been out for a walk, for a ride? Have they read a book? Have they sewn a seam? Not a bit of it. How do your ladies spend their time? They put on good boots, they tuck up their skirts and hark away through the country lanes. I was in Hampshire once; my host was a duke; his wife was out before breakfast, with clogs on her feet and roses on her cheeks; she rode to the hunt, she walked to the copse; a ditch would not frighten her, a hedge would not turn her back. Why, our women, poor, pale—'Come,' I said, 'they are very lovely.' 'Ugh!' said the saucy fellow, 'they have no bone, no fibre, no juice; they have only nerves; but what can you expect? They eat pearls for bread; they drink ice-water for wine; they wear tight stays, thin shoes, and barrel skirts. Such things are not fit to live, and, thank God, in a hundred years not one of their descendants will be left alive.'"

Mr. Hopworth Dixon is a very ingenious man as well as a very good-natured one, and were it not for the clever devices whereby unpalatable things that he wishes to say are put into the mouths of "bluff Yankees," "stewart western men," and the like, his book would certainly not be as popular as it is. The criticism of the above paragraph, however, is not the criticism of a Yankee, bluff or otherwise, but that of a hearty, jovial, experienced Englishman who sees faults among us he would gladly help to amend, and so puts his quota of admonition into a shape which he thinks will be most likely to do good because least likely to wound our self-love. The criticism, such as it is, is, nevertheless, better applicable to the American women of twenty years ago than to those of to-day. As THE ROUND TABLE lately remarked in an article which was extensively copied in England as well as at home: "The women of America are growing more and more handsome every year. . . . They are growing rounder of cheek, fuller of limb, gaining substance and development in every direction." As the same article went on to say, this improvement is most marked among the wealthier and better nurtured classes for reasons which were explicitly given. In spite of this, however, to the eye of most observant Englishmen, the pallor, fragility, and want of plumpness of most American young ladies would justify the strictures which Mr. Dixon's putative "Yankee" so forcibly expressed. Impressions on such a subject are necessarily based on things relative as well as things positive. A man long accustomed to Englishwomen finds their American sisters—however freely, like the author of *New America*, he may acknowledge the delicacy of their beauty—thin, dry, exhausted-looking, and prematurely old. On the other hand, consider the ideas of Hawthorne, who, going abroad when past middle life, represents a taste which is amusingly the reverse of Mr. Dixon's. The delicate but morbid-minded American, whom so many of his countrymen praise without knowing what for, went to Greenwich fair and, *mirabile dictu!* saw no pretty girls.

"To my American eye," he says, "they looked all homely alike. . . . They seemed to be country lasses, of sturdy and wholesome aspect, with coarse-grained,

cabbage-rosy cheeks, and, I am willing to suppose, a stout texture of moral principle, such as would bear a good deal of rough usage without suffering much detriment. But how unlike the trim little lasses of my native land! I desire, above all things, to be courteous; but, since the plain truth must be told, the soil and climate of England produce feminine beauty as rarely as they do delicate fruit, and though admirable specimens of both are to be met with, they are the hot-house ameliorations of refined society, and apt, moreover, to relapse into the coarseness of the original stock. The men are man-like, but the women are not beautiful, though the female Bull be well enough adapted to the male."

Where Mr. Hawthorne's eyes could have been during his no short stay in the British Isles I cannot conceive. At such places as Annerley Gardens—a sixpenny resort of the lower classes eight or ten miles from London—I have seen of an evening a score of unquestionably fine girls in a bevy of no more than a hundred, and at the Crystal Palace on cheap days a proportional number. To a morbid taste, which regards health as the infallible sign of coarseness, these young women might not seem attractive; but to a normal and wholesome taste I cannot understand how they should be otherwise. The radical difference between the estimates of these two men of letters is very plain, and is, at the same time, typical to a great extent of the opinions of their respective countrymen. To the Englishman's eye, nothing is beautiful which is not manifestly healthful; to the American's, nothing is beautiful which is not delicate in outline. Mr. Hawthorne's judgment, when working independently of a somewhat fastidious and prejudiced fancy, was clear and sound enough. He says elsewhere in the book whence we have already quoted: "We, in our dry atmosphere, are getting too nervous, haggard, dyspeptic, extenuated, unsubstantial, theoretic, and need to be made grosser. John Bull, on the other hand, has grown bulbous, long-bodied, short-legged, heavy-witted, material, and, in a word, too intensely English." Mr. Hawthorne playfully proposed as a remedy that the thirty millions in the British Islands should be transported to our boundless West and that the half or quarter of our own people should be put in their vacated places; an arrangement which, as he argued, would be beneficial to both parties.

The objection, however, to this balancing of advantages and disadvantages, and to drawing the philosophical inferences usual after such comparisons, lies in this: That the English are substantially a healthy people and that we are not. We are getting on no doubt, and that our young women are decidedly improving, I agree with THE ROUND TABLE in asserting; still, this difference in respect to health has been a radical one as between the two nations, and it is also the pivot on which these questions of the comparative beauty of English and American women have practically turned. I would not go so far as to say that to an average American eye no woman is handsome who is healthy, or that to an average English eye no woman is handsome who is not healthy; but will say that upon any observant person, who has travelled largely in both countries, very much such an impression as this regarding the taste of the two peoples is produced. In America we often see this curious prejudice carried beyond mere personal comeliness and even applied to the qualities of the mind. Thus it is thought, by a strange process of analogical partiality, that a skinny and feeble-bodied woman not only may have, but probably has, a superior intellect; but that a plump and robust one is likely, in this respect, to be deficient. Why a low circulation should be thus associated with mental activity and *vice versa* seems irrational enough, but yet is easy to understand; people are always ready to attribute desirable qualities of a deeper sort to those in whose favor they are superficially prepossessed. The Englishman has commonly an opposite prejudice, and believes in the healthy mind in the sound body principle. Now, it is very philosophical to make the best of the inevitable and to cultivate a high opinion of that which is our own; but if it can be shown that improvement is possible and that we can have for our own something much better than what in fact we possess, it clearly becomes wise to set up the highest possible standards of excellence and development and to measure from them rather than from any defective or artificial standards, whose only recommendation is that people in general can be got to pretend that they think them the best. If there be indeed any mysterious relation between the faculties which secrete thought and those which make or retard the growth of flesh, it is to be feared that it works oppositely to the common American idea; I think there are more comprehensively great personages—such as Gibbon, Napoleon, Byron, and Buckle—who have inclined to outgrow symmetry, than of those who, of the Calvin Edson order, have in an equal degree fallen short of it.

I venture to disagree with our above-named lamented novelist so far as to say that there are in England lovely



women in all social ranks, and that they bear a large proportion to the whole number. From the opera-house to the country fair is a pretty wide range, and I have seen nearly as many fine girls at the latter as the former, although, of course, not of so perfect a type. Undoubtedly there are many coarse faces in England; far more that are hideously so than can be found in any purely American population; these usually, so far as they are women's, are due to unfeminine employments as well as to comparative ignorance. Yet even in such cases the figure is, at least in youth, commonly good. Taken throughout, I should say that there are more pretty faces in the United States than in England; but that there are far more fine figures in England than in the United States. The latter observation is applicable to men as well as to women. Such gaunt, dyspeptic, cadaverous-looking objects as stalk about the streets of New York and Boston are almost unknown in London. One may see at any hour in the day on a ferry-boat here more yellow, fleshless, and not yet middle-aged but toothless, women, than could be singled out in a great English thoroughfare in the whole twenty-four.

English girls have fine busts, fine limbs, and, although their feet and hands are apt to be larger than with us, generally symmetrical ankles and well-turned wrists. The throat is with them larger and stronger than with our women. So far as height is concerned, the women of the upper classes are taller than our average, but not those of the others. Their teeth are usually stronger and last longer. They are less nervous than Americans; and although they have higher tempers they are not less impulsive in affection and at least as adhesive in friendship. These points of difference are so greatly matters of temperament—which again is greatly moulded by climatic and dietary influences—that I have no fear in mentioning them of being accused of an unpatriotic prejudice. The stock is substantially the same, and it is highly important as well as interesting to note the various phenomena which attend its growth in different soils and under different conditions. If we have candidly estimated it, the general drift of things with us has been, up to the past few years, towards increasing the number of pretty faces and decreasing that of symmetrical and well-developed figures. Our women have been more attractive to look at—at first sight, at least—but not so eligible as wives and mothers. Dry atmosphere, stimulating diet, extremes of temperature, education more diffused and smattering than thorough and efficacious—these or other more mysterious causes have been working to make our women more *spirituelle* perhaps than the bulk of English women, but to make them also less wholesome, useful, and happy animals.

To illustrate this I will once more quote from Mr. Hepworth Dixon a passage which occurs in the fifty-eighth chapter of his book, and ask for it, of all thinking Americans, earnest consideration. If it be true, or measurably true, we are clearly paying too dearly for the pleasure of having our women "*spirituelle*." I think Mr. Dixon's statements and inferences go somewhat too far; but there is, unfortunately, enough truth in them strongly to urge the need for grappling at once with the denoted evil and, if possible, for arresting its course. How far this passage, fruitful in suggestiveness as it is, illustrates and, in a measure, corroborates the foregoing views, the reader can judge for himself. Mr. Dixon observes that what he is about to say refers to a fact of which "the wiser and graver women of New England," indeed "the great majority of sound and pious people, think very much, though they seldom allude to it in public." We do not know exactly how he gets at this conclusion, and should like to learn whether it can be further authenticated, since, if it be sound, a cure for the disease may be hoped for as not far off; the author, however, proceeds as follows:

"What I have seen and heard in this country leads me to infer that there is a very strange and rather wide conspiracy on the part of women in the upper ranks—a conspiracy which has no chiefs, no secretaries, no headquarters; which holds no meetings, puts forth no platform, undergoes no vote, and yet is a real conspiracy on the part of many leaders of fashion among women; the end of which—if the end should ever be accomplished—would be this rather puzzling fact: there would be no more baby-shows in this country, since there would be no longer any Americans in America.

"In Providence, the capital of Rhode Island, a model city in many ways—beautiful and clean, the centre of a thousand noble activities—I held a conversation on this subject with a lady, who took the facts simply as she said they are known to her in Worcester, in Springfield, in New Haven, in a hundred of the purest cities of America, and she put her own gloss and color upon them thus: 'A woman's first duty is to look beautiful in the eyes of men, so that she may attract them to her side and exert an influence over them for good; not to be a household drudge, a slave in the nursery, the kitchen, and the school-room. Everything that spoils a woman in this respect is

against her true interest, and she has a right to reject it, as a man would reject an impost that was being laid unjustly upon his gains. A wife's first thought should be for her husband, and for herself as his companion in the world. Nothing should ever be allowed to come between these two.' I ventured to ask the lady, her husband sitting by, whether children do come between father and mother, saying that I had two boys and three girls of my own and had never suspected such a thing. 'They do,' she answered boldly; 'they take up the mother's time, they impair her beauty, they waste her life. If you walk down these streets (the streets of Providence) you will notice a hundred delicate girls just blushing into womanhood; in a year they will be married; in ten years they will be hags and crones; no man will care for them on the score of beauty. Their husbands will find no lustre in their eyes, no bloom upon their cheeks. They will have given up their lives to their children.'

### CORRESPONDENCE.

The Editors of THE ROUND TABLE, desirous of encouraging bold and free discussion, do not exact of their correspondents an agreement with their own views; they, therefore, beg to state that they do not hold themselves responsible for what appears under this heading, as they do for the editorial expression of their opinions.

#### LONDON.

LONDON, March 30, 1867.

MR. SWINBURNE'S new poem, *A Song of Italy*, which will be out in a very few days, will do more for his fame than all that he has hitherto published. It is, indeed, a magnificent choral poem, or hymn, of some eight hundred lines, chiefly devoted to Mazzini, to whom it is also to be formally dedicated, if the Italian patriot will be content to accept it as it is; by which Swinburne means that he is to give his assent to all that it contains. There will assuredly be a great outcry here when it is published, for it apostrophizes Orsini as one of the chief authors of his country's liberty, and exalts over his attempt on the life of the Emperor Napoleon in a passage which will shock all respectable folks throughout Christendom. The passage is as follows:

"O chiefest thou,  
The slayer of splendid brow,  
Laid where the lying lips of fear deride  
The foiled tyrannicide,  
Folled, fall'n, slain, scorned, and happy; being in fame,  
Felice, like thy name,  
Not like thy fortune; father of the fight,  
Having in hand our light.  
Ah, happy! for that sudden-awakening hand  
Flung light on all thy land,  
Yea, lit blind France with compulsory ray,  
Driven down a righteous way;  
Ah, happiest! for from thee the wars began,  
From thee the fresh springs ran;  
From thee the lady land that queens the earth  
Gat as she gave new birth."

The versification, it will be seen, is peculiar. It is like the opening of Dryden's *Alexander's Feast*—a regular pentameter line of five iambs, constantly alternated with a four-footed iambic line. In other hands this versification carried through eight hundred lines might have become monotonous; but in *The Song of Italy* its effect is like that of a continual chant, and it seems to have a singular appropriateness to the subject of the poem. Like all Swinburne's poems, *The Song of Italy* is intensely allegorical. It opens with a vision of Freedom and Italy—the latter personified in a magnificent passage:

"So fair a presence over star and sun  
Stood, making these as one.  
For in the shadow of her shape were all  
Darkened and held in thrall,  
So mightier rose she past them; and I felt  
Whose form, whose likeness knelt  
With covered hair and face and clasped her knees;  
And knew the first of these  
Was Freedom, and the second, Italy."

A splendid address from this personification of Freedom to Italy and a review of the recent history of that country and her awakening follow. Then come apostrophes to Garibaldi, Pisacane, and other great Italians; a long invocation to the cities of Italy and her dead patriots and all her glories to join in the hymn of praise to Mazzini, full of grand poetry and Biblical fervor, concludes the poem. I have but just been allowed to read it, and cannot give any detailed criticism. Proof-sheets will probably have reached America as soon as my letter; but I may quote one or two passages:

#### INVOCATION OF FREEDOM TO ITALY.

"Because the years were heavy on thy head;  
Because dead things are dead;  
Because thy chosen on hill-side, city, and plain  
Are shed as drops of rain;  
Because all earth was black, all heaven was blind,  
And we cast out of mind;  
Because men wept, saying, Freedom, knowing of thee,  
Child, that thou wast not free;  
Because wherever blood was not shame was  
Where thy pure foot did pass;

Because on Promethean rocks distent  
Thee fouler eagles rent;  
Because a serpent stains with slime and foam  
This that is not thy Rome;  
Child of my womb, whose limbs were made in me,  
Have I forgotten thee?  
In all thy dreams, through all these years on wing,  
Hast thou dreamed such a thing?  
The mortal mother-bird outsoars her nest;  
The child outgrows the breast;  
But suns as stars shall fall from heaven and cease,  
Ere we twain be as these;  
Yea, utmost skies forget their utmost sun,  
Ere we twain be not one.  
My lesser jewels sewn on skirt and hem,  
I have no need of them  
Obscured and flayed by sloth or craft or power;  
But thou, that wast my flower,  
The blossom bound between my brows and worn  
In sight of even and morn  
From the last ember of the flameless west  
To the dawn's haring breast—  
I were not Freedom if thou wert not free,  
Nor thou wert Italy."

#### THE ITALIAN FLAG.

"Fly, O our flag, through deep Italian air,  
Above the flags that were,  
From the green fruitful grass in Maytime hot,  
Thy grave, where thou art not.  
Gather the grass and weave, in sacred sign  
Of the ancient earth divine,  
The holy heart of things, the seed of birth,  
The mystical warm earth.  
O thou her flower of flowers, with treble braid  
Be thy sweet head arrayed,  
In witness of her mighty motherhood  
Who bore thee and found thee good,  
Her fairest-born of children, on whose head  
Her green and white and red  
Are hope and light and life, inviolate  
Of any latter fate.  
As red as blood and whiter than a wave,  
Flowers grown as from thy grave,  
The dusty shreds of shameful battle-flags  
Trampled and rent in rage,  
As withering woods in autumn's bitterest breath  
Yellow, and black as death;  
Black as crushed worms that sicken in the sense,  
And yellow as pestilence.  
Fly, green as summer and red as dawn and white  
As the live heart of light,  
The blind bright womb of color unborn, that brings  
Forth all fair forms of things,  
As freedom all fair forms of nations dyed  
In divers-colored pride.  
Fly fleet as wind on every wind that blows  
Between her seas and snows,  
From Alpine white, from Tuscan green, and where  
Vesuvius reddens air.  
Fly! and let all men see it, and all kings wail,  
And priests wax faint and pale,  
And the cold hordes that roam in misty places  
And the funeral races  
And the sick serfs of lands that wait and wane,  
See thee and hate thee in vain."

#### MAZZINI.

"But thou, though all were not well done, O chief,  
Must thou take shame or grief?  
Because one man is not as thou or ten,  
Must thou take shame for men?  
Because the supreme sunrise is not yet,  
Is the young dew not wet?  
Wilt thou not yet abide a little while,  
Soul without fear or guile,  
Mazzini,—O our prophet, O our priest,  
A little while at least?  
A little hour of doubt and of control,  
Sustain thy sacred soul;  
Withhold thine heart, our father, but an hour,  
Is it not here, the flower,  
Is it not blown and fragrant from the root,  
And shall not be the fruit?  
Thy children, even thy people thou hast made,  
Thine, with thy words arrayed,  
Clothed with thy thoughts and girt with thy desires,  
Yearn up toward thee as fires.  
Art thou not father, O father, of all these?  
From thine own Genoa  
To where of nights the lower extreme lagoon  
Feels its Venetian moon,  
Nor suckling's mouth nor mother's breast set free,  
But bath that grace through thee.  
The milk of life on death's unnatural brink  
Thou gavest them to drink  
The natural milk of freedom; and again  
They drank, and they were men.  
The wine and honey of freedom and of faith  
They drank, and cast off death.  
Bear with them now; thou art holler: yet endure,  
Till they as thou be pure."

#### GARIBALDI.

"Thou too, O splendor of the sudden sword  
That drove the crews abhorred  
From Naples and the siren-footed strand,  
Flash from thy master's hand,  
Shine from the middle summer of the seas  
To the old Æolides,  
Outshine their fiery fumes of burning night,  
Sword, with thy midday light;  
Flame as a beacon from the Tyrrhene foam  
To the rent heart of Rome,



From the island of her lover and thy lord.  
Her saviour and her sword  
In the fierce year of failure and of fame,  
Art thou not yet the same  
That wert as lightning swifter than all wings  
In the blind face of kings?  
When priests took counsel to devise despair,  
And princes to forswear,  
She clasped thee, O her sword and flag-bearer  
And staff and shield to her,  
O Garibaldi; need was hers and grief,  
Of thee. . . ."

## COLUMBUS AND MAZZINI.

"O mother Genoa, through all years that ran,  
More than that other son,  
Who first beyond the seals of sunset prest  
Even to the unfooted west,  
No brow-bound laurel of discolored leaf,  
But him, the crownless chief.  
Praise him, O star of sun-forgotten times,  
Among their creeds and crimes  
That wast a fire of witness in the night,  
Padua, the wise men's light;  
Praise him, O sacred Venice, and the sea  
That now exults through thee,  
Full of the mighty morning and the sun,  
Free of things dead and done;  
Praise him from all the years of thy great grief,  
That shook thee like a leaf,  
With winds and snows of torment, rain that fell  
Red as the rains of hell,  
Storms of black thunder and of yellow flame,  
And all ill things but shame."

This is undoubtedly the finest of Swinburne's poems—indeed, I am inclined to think it the finest poem of the kind in our language.

There is a letter from our well-known publisher Mr. Bentley in *The London Review* of to-day which illustrates in a curious way the views of our publishers as to their relations with critical journals. I suppose that in the United States, as in England, it is customary to send to the reviews copies of new works for notice; but nobody, I should think, but a publisher would regard this as giving a right to a favorable opinion. Mr. Bentley says:

"DEAR SIR: The uniformly bad reception of our works at your hands has long been noticed by me, and in future I shall decline to send my works to you."  
"I especially notice a severe notice of a work of much promise, *Coneth up as a Flower*. No person can read this work without seeing its merit."

"Lady Adelaide's Oath," generally considered one of Mrs. Wood's best stories, was also treated by you in the usual style."  
If we look at this modest remonstrance by the light of arithmetic, it just comes to this: Mr. Bentley sends to a respectable review a couple of volumes of a new novel—publishing price one guinea, value in the market ten shillings. This, he thinks, entitles him to a favorable notice. Ten shillings, therefore, is his estimate of the value of the puff, and of the amount which will suffice for a salvo for the reviewer's conscience. A good many other publishers think the same, but wiser than Mr. Bentley, they refrain from saying so. They know better. The publisher's advertisements are his real fulcrum. The withholding of these is a threat which few journals can afford to disregard. Hence the outrageous puffery which we find quoted in advertisements as "opinions of the press." As to that gift copy from publisher to reviewer, the custom is so completely established that no particular journal can justly be reproached with it, but it is a custom which I would gladly see abolished. We might then get rid of that pest of publishers, the gentleman who writes asking for a copy of a book on the plea that he can get it a review in certain journals. Of course men who do this have really no influence of the kind; but many publishers are weak enough to comply with their demands. The system of begging for copies is established, however, in much higher quarters. Even the editor of our *Edinburgh Review* will stoop to ask for gratuitous copies of books, of course for *bond fide* use in reviewing, but it would be better that he paid for them, or hired them at a library. There is a critical journal here of high standing which took no notice for years of Mr. Smiles's popular books, for no other reason than that Mr. Smiles's publisher had ceased to send them for review. The fact was that the author had a notion in his head that the review in question was determined to depreciate anything he published, and so gave directions not to send books. The precaution—at least for a very long time—was effectual. No reviews, either good or bad, appeared. No presentation copy, no notice. I do not say that this is a deliberate principle; but the fact remains that books not sent in to the editor were passed over by a journal professing to keep its readers well informed about current literature.

It is surprising how little attention the Fenian movement excites here. My notice of the Chester affair in *THE ROUND TABLE* of March 9 must have appeared to your readers strangely inconsistent with the excited telegrams which were then in your papers; but it is now evident that there is not, and never was, any really formidable movement on foot. There is in that unhappy

country discontent enough, heaven knows; and while no attempt is made to mend, any sympathizers abroad who can collect funds may talk largely of organizations and get up skirmishes sufficient to keep the "Castle" in a fever and disturb the sleep of our Home Secretary. This is so generally felt that the poor Princess of Wales's knee-joint now attracts as much notice as the whole Fenian outbreak which figures so grandly in *The New York Herald*.

The resources of advertising are not yet exhausted. Our walls are now covered with a tremendous poster, drawn out exactly like a police notice, as follows:

## "DEAD BODY FOUND."

"Where? In the Serpentine.  
"When? On the 24th of February.  
"Sex. Male.  
"Apparent age. Thirty-seven years.  
"Name (if known). James Blake.  
"Dress. Black frock coat, grey winsey overcoat, satin cravat, grey trousers, Wellington boots; all much worn.  
"Marks on person. A triangular wound between the throat and left shoulder.  
"Property found. A lady's kid glove, tied round with a narrow strip of colored ribbon, with a lock of light hair inside, and a ticket-of-leave granted to James Blake, locksmith, of London.  
"Where lying. At the dead-house, Hyde Park."

Further enquiry into this mysterious case leads to the discovery that it is the foundation of a story now running in a weekly newspaper, where the document is followed by the words: "So ran the placard. It was the strange prologue to a strange story." The thing is new—at least with us; but we have assuredly not seen the last of it.

## REVIEWS.

All books designed for review in *THE ROUND TABLE* must be sent to the office.

## MR. ALGER'S WRITINGS.\*

WE have hesitated before putting forth a review of Mr. Alger's *Genius of Solitude*, from a very sincere desire to do the book full justice, together with a fear that the record of our first impressions might fall short of such an end. With every prepossession in its favor, we found the work a disappointing one, and imagined that, with further reflection, we might come nearer to the author's standpoint, and so sympathize with his inspiration as to make greater allowances for what at first seemed to us shortcomings, than we might otherwise do. Delay, however, has not materially changed our original judgment. *The Genius of Solitude*, full of noble thoughts and of a fine spirit of humanity as it is, exhibits faults which it would be foolish to deny or to attempt to gloss over. Well planned, carefully put together, and evincing throughout an artistic appreciation of grouping and general effect, the work is marred by a pervasive exaggeration of diction which, were it not for our great respect for Mr. Alger, we should be tempted to call "hifalutin." It is truly unfortunate that a mind like his, endowed with so many of the best and brightest qualifications for authorship, should be afflicted with a species of mental color-blindness, a haziness of perception, with regard to the uses and value of words, which makes his diction so frequently turgid, meretricious, and even grandiose. The same faults were perceptible at times in Mr. Alger's laborious and most valuable work *The History of the Doctrine of a Future Life*, but they were repressed and sobered in that work by the solemnity of the subject; and although the author avowed that he had "striven to add value to his work by . . . poetic life of treatment—not handling the different topics dryly and coldly, but infusing warmth and color into them," he did not, as he has in his present book, give rein to a somewhat erratic imagination and impair his pictures by using tints whose intensity neutralized each other, thus leaving an effect upon the mind's eye of wearisome and heterogeneous confusion.

Even in *The Future Life*, essentially didactic as was most of the ground to be travelled over, Mr. Alger frequently did himself and his theme injustice by treading too near this dangerous precipice. The mind naturally regards with some distrust the reasonings of an author who, while impugning the general credibility or reliability of ancient Oriental writers on the score of their over-use of metaphor and their inflated system of illustration, yet himself employs a profusion of imagery, a redundancy of adjectives, a confusedness in the citation of parallels which so forcibly remind us of the blemishes he so ably points out to condemn. The objects may be dissimilar, supposing the one to be that of enforcing belief in a particular set of opinions or dogmas and the other to be that of suggesting doubts about all of them; but the methods appear to be so nearly identical that the more

we are persuaded of the general truth of his elucidation, the more distrustful we become as to the strict responsibility of the teacher. We would speak delicately of Mr. Alger's performance—as who would not in dealing with the fruits of a conscientious pen striving for fifteen laborious years in a truly noble and universally important cause?—but we feel assured that this particular work—the *magnum opus* thus far of his life—would have lived longer and done more good had the author not labored so sedulously to make it popular. Exactness, demonstration, positive science of any sort, have an unreal and suspicious look when draped in rhetorical robes and crowned with poetical flowers. It may be true that more people may be induced to read works which treat of subjects called dry by dressing them in such attractive if unseemly garb; but is the sole or the paramount object, the highest good of such works, to be attained by securing them the largest number of readers? Would there be a greater number of good geometricians in the world were Euclid illustrated like *The Arabian Nights* or *Robinson Crusoe*? The enquiry refers, of course, to the use of pictorial language; but still there are in Mr. Alger's chief work so many sounding adjectives, so many snatches of poetry, so many needless multiplications of epithets—in short, so general a "piling up of the agony," that one would not be in the least startled, not in the least afflicted by a sudden jar of incongruity, were he, in turning a leaf, to come upon a brilliantly illuminated illustration of Hell or a Doric realization of the Buddhist Nirvana. In his desire to write a book that all should understand, coupled no doubt with an inward persuasion that, having thoroughly mastered his subject, he was entitled to treat it *currente calamo*, the author suffers himself to grow too familiar and occasionally almost puerile. Yet his boldness and manifest honesty deserve high praise. It is a great thing when a man, and a clergyman to boot, has the heart in Puritanical and intolerant Boston to send forth to the world such a daring, self-abnegating, uncompromising attack upon what he thinks human inventions, as distinct from God's teachings, as this book substantially is; and if we cannot agree with, we cannot help admiring, him. We must remember that no work on such a tremendous topic as this can by possibility be perfect or exhaustive. There must infallibly be shortcomings somewhere, offences somewhere. The shortcomings and offences of Mr. Alger's writings appear to us to consist rather in style than in substance. His intention is always a pure and noble one; his ideas, if not often strikingly original, are frequently ingenious and forcibly put; you feel always that you are dealing with a true man, a kindly, generous nature; but, on the other hand, the enthusiasm is so habitually overdone and the language runs so readily into hyperbole, that your distrust is excited and you find yourself half unconsciously doubting the writer's sincerity at moments when he evidently is doing his utmost to gain and sway your whole heart.

Mr. Alger's faults as a writer of prose are the faults of some others of the Boston school who represent a reaction from the dull and heavy didacticism of the Puritanical past. It was formerly a general persuasion in New England that nobody could be a respectable writer in any department of literature unless he was also a wearisome and stupid one. Respectability and monotony were almost regarded as convertible terms; this was in keeping with the theological and social coloring of a bygone age, but men could not for ever accept such a preposterous dogma without rebellion. Finally, some of the brightest and most salient of the New England thinkers have rebelled; and, as in all cognate cases is quite inevitable, they have gone in the first spring of their disenchantment rather too far towards an opposite extreme. Mr. Alger is one of these insurgents. He has thrown off the shackles of old-fashioned conventionality in more departments than one, and for this, in many respects, we sympathize with, esteem, and admire him. Most assuredly he is entirely single-minded; and although some ungenerous detractors may have suggested that he could never be eligible for the third Mohammedan hell, his worst enemies cannot allege him to be worthy of the seventh. In his *History* he has collected with vast pains and examined with indefatigable industry the beliefs of all, or nearly all, nations of which any traces exist in our records. So genial, so catholic, and so sympathetic is his mind that he finds in almost every religion ever professed or believed in by humanity something to admire, something to justify, and something in an exculpatory fashion to explain. The various beliefs are in his mind merely the various expressions of the same everlasting necessity, which, modified by innumerable shades of climate, race, and other diverse surroundings, engenders in the breast of mankind powerful convictions respecting creation and destiny. It is easy to see that Mr. Alger has

\* 1. *A Critical History of the Doctrine of a Future Life. With a Complete Biography of the Subject.* By William Rounseville Alger. The fourth edition. New York: W. J. Widdleton. 1867.  
2. *The Solitudes of Nature and of Man; or, The Loneliness of Human Life.* By William Rounseville Alger. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1867.



not found his path strewn with roses while giving to the world his straightforward and unhesitating persuasions, and his disregard of the "majority" in this wise has our cordial sympathy. The following passage from *The Genius of Solitude* is to the point here and is evidently written with deep feeling:

"The consciousness of thinking and feeling in unison with a multitude, of believing doctrines and observing rites in common with the great majority of our brethren, yields to sympathetic genius an invisible, peace-giving fellowship which causes an indescribable pleasantness to breathe in the air, an infinite friendliness to saturate the landscape. To abandon all the dear familiar beliefs and associations in which one grew up, in allegiance to reason to go exploring forward into the obscure future to find some better substitutes, more divinely real and solid, is to be, at least temporarily, like one who advances into a cave in a mountain side; the sight of the green fields, the light of the sun, the sound of the waterfall, the bleat of the goats, and the songs of the herdsmen, all becoming fainter and fainter, until he is lost in darkness and silence. It is impossible that severe pangs should not be involved when conscience sternly orders a sensitive and clinging soul to renounce prevalent creeds, to cast off current prejudices and usages, to leave popular favor, estranged, behind, and accept newly revealed and persecuted truth with its austere duties. It is to undergo a coronation of hate and agony, and, carrying a crucifix within the bosom, journey on a lonesome way of dolor, publicly shrouded in scorn, secretly transfigured with the smile of God. The loneliest of all mortals are the pioneers of new principles and policies, new faiths and feelings; for they alone have none on earth with whom they can hold brotherhood of soul. Having emerged from the beliefs in which they were educated, thrown away habituated reliances, trusting themselves to original perception as they advance into the unknown, out of which new revelations are breaking on them, their solitude is sometimes as appalling as the experience of one who for the first time rides on a locomotive across a midnight prairie, where, through the level gloom, he seems just plunging off the world into banks of stars."

*The Genius of Solitude* is, of course, a work of widely different aims and scope from those of its important predecessor. It is an attempt, in some sort after the manner of Zimmermann—who, however, Mr. Alger had not read until his own book was well under way—to describe the uses, the pleasures, and consolations of solitude, added to which are accounts of the most celebrated persons who have led more or less solitary lives or who have eloquently painted its advantages. Some of these personages seem to be brought into the assemblage rather unjustifiably, or rather upon premises that might authorize the introduction of almost every individual in history; and we cannot help suspecting that Mr. Alger has made his leading topic, in some instances, a stalking-horse for discoursing of his favorite heroes and poets, when their names might more properly have appeared in a work on *The Genius of Crowds* than in one on that of solitude; Demosthenes and Rousseau can scarcely be placed in the same category without doing our notions a violence which the pleasure of putting them cheek by jowl in a book will scarcely atone for. But when all is said that can be said in dispraise of Mr. Alger's style or eccentricities, it remains to be said that his later book is as interesting and attractive as his first was exhaustive and conscientious. We rejoice that his undoubted talents are devoted to the magnificent object of aiding to build up American literature; we thank him heartily for both the worthy efforts—different as they are in kind and value—which we have thus briefly spoken of; and we sincerely trust that he may live to produce something as full of ability as those he has already published and free from those minor blemishes which in these works partly obscure but can by no means altogether eclipse their remarkable merits.

#### A HIGHLAND PARISH.\*

CONSIDERING the enormous amount of travel daily and yearly accomplished by modern tourists, their unaccountable and reprehensible ignorance of the real life and spirit of the inhabitants of the lands they visit is truly amazing. They journey grumblingly, spend money recklessly, and return home wearily, confirmed in all their darling prejudices, exhausted in pocket, and with about as much acquired knowledge as the English ambassador who was escorted with much pomp and ceremony in a closely guarded and covered palanquin to the capital of China, and then returned to his native country as wise, so far as any knowledge of the internal condition of the Celestial Empire was concerned, as when he left the shores of England.

In the same way the tourist goes methodically over the old beaten tracks, "does up" Scotland, the Trossachs, Loch Lomond, Staffa, Iona, and the lakes, and, having exhausted the wonders set down for his consideration in the guide-book, returns with an air of serene satisfaction,

convinced that he knows all about it. What to him are the wild legends of the Sea Kings or the victories of Alexander over the Viking Haco, or the scenes where the last prince of the Stuarts found shelter from his foes or the remote grave where rests the beautiful and ill-fated Flora? Nothing. Of these he has only the most misty idea. Legendary lore, nature in her wildest and most impressive aspect, and a people whose simple, almost patriarchal, life is strangely blended with a love of mental culture and an amount of learning which elicited even from Dr. Johnson unwonted commendation, have no attraction for the mile-a-minute traveller. The romantic nooks, the bold and rugged crags, the peaceful quiet of primitive domestic life rest undisturbed by vulgar or unsympathetic curiosity.

Those, however, who take a sincere interest in becoming acquainted with the mode of life, and, to a certain extent, the habit of thought and character of the dwellers in these not easily accessible regions, will find in the work of the Rev. Mr. Macleod much valuable information, conveyed in a pleasant, unaffected manner; while for those who have visited the Western Highlands, who have passed some time in the mist-enveloped Isle of Skye, or in wandering among the purple hills of Ross or Caithness, the book will have a peculiar charm, recalling happy memories of long passed scenes and friends of whom the chief of the Macleods and the worthy minister might seem to be the living portraits.

The first chapter, or preamble, gives us a sketch of the beautiful scenery which surrounds the Highland parish, and in the next we are introduced to the "manse." The Scotch manse is neither so handsome nor so luxurious in its appointments as the English rectory, but is yet far superior to the home of an Episcopalian curate. The landed proprietors are bound by law in Scotland to build and keep in repair a church, a school, and a "manse," and also to secure a portion of land or "glebe" for the minister of the established church, which in Scotland is Presbyterian. "The parochial school," says the author, "provided in the remotest districts teaching of a very high order, and produced admirable classical scholars." This was the case in Johnson's time, and but few changes, either in the education or habits of the people, have taken place since then; the boys still go to school as of yore, and after school to college and university at Aberdeen or Glasgow; still enjoy the same sports, still hunt, fish, wrestle, dance, sing, and sometimes labor on the farm. In these, as in many other respects, the Highland lads differ widely from their English cousins. They rejoice more in strength and activity, have a greater love of poetry and romance, more distinct individuality of character, more originality and power of thought, and are besides more sociable. The minister of whom our author writes rejoiced in many sons and daughters, numbering altogether sixteen children, who were all a source of unmixed joy to their parents:

"The manse and glebe of that Highland parish were a colony which ever preached sermons, on week days as well as Sundays, of industry and frugality, of courteous hospitality and bountiful charity, and of the domestic peace, contentment, and cheerfulness of a holy Christian home."

A letter written by the excellent pastor to one of his sons—which we regret to say is too long to quote entire, and equally impossible to condense—gives a charming picture of the manse, and of the doings of those who dwell therein. The whole record of this worthy man's life, told, as it seems to be, so fairly and so truly, is interesting and instructive in itself, besides being useful as an aid and incentive to goodness in others. After studying eight years at the university he entered upon the charge of about two thousand souls, whose dwellings were scattered over a hundred and thirty square miles, with a seaboard of a hundred miles, and his salary, which was at first not forty pounds a year, was subsequently raised, but never exceeded eighty.

"But preaching on Sunday, even on a stormy winter's day, was the easiest of a minister's duties. There was not a road in the parish. Along the coast, indeed, for a few miles there was what was charitably called a road, and, as compared with those slender sheep-tracks which wormed their way through the glens and across some of the wilder passes, it perhaps deserved the name. By this same road country carts, introduced during his days, could 'coil, pitching, jolting, tossing, in deep ruts, over stones and through burns, like wagons in South Africa, and with all the irregular motion of boats in a storm. But for twenty miles inland the roads and glens were as the Danes had left them."

The minister toiled with unwearied zeal for his flock for upwards of half a century, nor did he cease from his labors until blindness and the infirmities of age compelled him to rest from his work and transfer his charge to his youngest son, who, to the great joy of the father, was appointed his successor. Five of the minister's sons were ordained clergymen, the eldest having received his

living in a far off parish soon after completing his education. Of him the author writes:

"It is narrated in the *Memoir of Professor Wilson* that when the eldest son of our manse came to Glasgow College, in the heyday of his youth, he was the only one who could compete in athletic exercises with Christopher North, who was his friend and fellow-student. The physical strength acquired in his early days by the manly training of the sea and hills sustained his body; while a spiritual strength, more noble still, sustained his soul during a ministry in three large and difficult parishes, which lasted with constant labor for more than half a century, and until he was just about to enter on his eightieth year—the day of his funeral being the anniversary of his birth."

The friendly tributes of respect and admiration paid by the eminent author to the memory of this pure, devout, and truly Christian family are fully justified by the record of their lives, and it is greatly to the honor of Scotland that such people grow up and find appreciation in the land. In a chapter which treats of the characteristics of the Highland peasantry—of whom the tourist cannot fairly form any judgment from the specimens he meets at the frequented wharves or inns along the route of ordinary summer travel—Mr. Macleod says:

"The real Highland peasantry are, I hesitate not to affirm, the most intelligent in the world. I say this advisedly, after having compared them with those of many other countries. Their good breeding must strike everybody who is familiar with them. Let a Highland shepherd, from the most remote glen, be brought into the dining-room of the laird, as is often done, and he will converse with ladies and gentlemen, partake of any hospitality which may be shown him with ease and grace, and never say or do anything *gauche* or offensive to the strictest propriety."

This, as the author truly says, arises in part from an instinct in the race, and in some measure from the familiar intercourse, springing out of old clan feeling, which subsists between the upper and lower classes. The proverbial pride which is justly attributable to all Scotchmen is especially a characteristic of the Highlander, and he suffers most keenly the pangs of poverty when necessity compels him to accept any relief. Some twenty years ago, when famine obliged many of these unhappy people to receive food from their more prosperous neighbors, the author was present at the first distribution of meal. He writes:

"A few old women had come some miles, from an inland glen, to receive a portion of the bounty. Their clothes were rags, but every rag was washed and patched together as best might be. They sat apart for a time, but at last approached the circle assembled round the meal depot. I watched the countenances of the group as they conversed apparently on some momentous question. This I afterwards ascertained to be which of them should go forward and speak for the others. One woman was at last selected; while the rest stepped back and hung their heads, concealing their eyes with their tattered tartan plaids. The deputy slowly walked towards the rather large official committee, whose attention when at last directed to her made her pause. She then stripped her right arm bare and, holding up the miserable skeleton, burst into tears and sobbed like a child! Yet, during all these sad destitution times, there was not a policeman or soldier in those districts. No food riot ever took place, no robbery was attempted, no sheep was ever stolen from the hills; and all this though hundreds had only shell-fish or 'dulse' gathered on the sea-shore to live upon."

Mr. Macleod furnishes a statement concerning the little wild island of Skye which is not only remarkable but in the highest degree creditable to her people. He tells us that since the commencement of the last wars of the French Revolution she has sent from her shores "twenty-one lieutenant-generals and major-generals, forty-eight lieutenant-colonels, six hundred commissioned officers, ten thousand soldiers, four governors of colonies, one governor-general, one adjutant-general, one chief baron of England, and one judge of the supreme court of Scotland." There are some short life-histories told with great simplicity and pathos, and touching little sketches illustrative of Highland character which add greatly to the interest of the volume. No one can read of poor Mary Campbell's trials and struggles, or Flory Cameron's sorrows, without a feeling of deep sympathy mingled with respect.

For *The Spirit of Eld* we are indebted to Dr. Macleod, of St. Columba's, Glasgow, the father of our author, and the best Gaelic scholar of his time. This and the two succeeding stories embody the spirit of romance which pervades the Highlands, as well as the hospitality, courage, and filial reverence for which the people have from time immemorial been distinguished. The reverend author appropriately closes his volume with a chapter descriptive of communion Sunday, and the manner in which it is observed.

We have many Scotch readers to whom these *Reminiscences*—especially since the lamented death of their author—will be of tender interest; and to such we cordially commend them.

\* *Reminiscences of a Highland Parish*. By Norman Macleod, D.D., one of Her Majesty's Chaplains. London: Alexander Strahan, 1867.



## LIBRARY TABLE.

*Frithiof's Saga.* Translated by the Rev. William Llewellyn Blackley, M.A. Edited by Bayard Taylor. New York: Leypoldt & Holt. 1867.—It is now almost thirty years since Mr. Longfellow introduced to most of us *Frithiof's Saga*, and praised the then unfamiliar name of Esaias Tegner. No one who read that beautiful essay in *The North American* could help being interested in the author, and in the original of such charming verses as checked the prose poetry of the whole article. So now that one of our most gifted and catholic scholars has found a translation to which he is willing to stand godfather, we are all attention at once.

As to Tegner himself, Mr. Longfellow has left nothing to say of him, save to add our own humble admiration of the great Swede's force, fancy, rhythm, and aptness. This book, however, confirms our impression that *Frithiof's Saga* is an extraordinarily hard poem to translate. Only a minor matter is its great variety of metrical changes, which Mr. Blackley alone, of all the translators, has contrived uniformly to follow. Its great, inimitable point is, that it is deeply instinct with the elemental grandeur of the old Norse nature—so strong and strange, so simple of heart yet in thought and deed so daring; that peopled its childlike heaven with drinking-bouts and demi-gods, that maddened the Berserker into ecstasies of ferocity, that sent over all the seas those lonely, thoughtful, restless, reckless, home-leaving yet home-loving mariners who sailed the seductive tropic waves without tarrying, and made but a fireside tale of their discovering the western world. This wild primitive spirit, which only to describe taxed even Mr. Longfellow, it must take a world of poetic and sympathetic qualities to reproduce recognizably in a stranger tongue. This book, as its editor says, is the best attempt yet. Mr. Blackley brings to his work several excellences. One is a vast vocabulary, whose range in both Latin and Saxon English argues wide reading and practice in various styles; and, without any knowledge, makes us strongly believe that Mr. Blackley has translated other authors and from other languages. This verbal resourcefulness stands him in good stead under a severe test, namely, where Mr. Longfellow has translated before him. Here we have to admire his remarkable fecundity of synonyms and equivalents. Let Mr. Longfellow hit the sense as beautifully as he will, he is always ready with some neat or novel turn of phrase that is sometimes worse style but seldom worse translation, while now and then he even surpasses his skilful rival. Practice in verse-writing, indeed, appears fluently throughout. The main things lacking are individuality and vigor. As to individuality, it is a nice question whether it is a loss where the object is not immediately to display one's self, but to reproduce the mental personality of another. The fewer ways of his own a man has, the sooner, it would seem, could he fall in with the ways of another man. Certain it is good translators are seldom good writers, and if the converse be not strictly true, it will at least be found that those good writers who have also been good translators are of the versatile, adaptive sort, like Bulwer, with no mental speciality. These are never men of the first order of power. A wagon can travel over any road; a railway train has a narrow iron pathway. In fact, Mr. Blackley has occasionally an advantage from having fewer digressive felicities to prune away. As to want of vigor, it most affects this book in the transitions and trimmings—the unaccented parts, as it were—where, lacking the stimulus of an episode, he is apt to be tame, while his best successes are in animated and emotional passages. The secret of this and of Mr. Blackley's superiority is, we think, that he bears somewhat of an outline resemblance to Tegner in conformation of mind—the resemblance of vivacity to vigor, of sprightliness to spirit, of culture to intuition—in short, of some talent to such genius. He is like him as a circle coincides with a circumscribing circle.

As we have premised, there is little of Mr. Blackley. Only we see one or two traces of his clericalism in several stupid pruderies of translation (especially one flagrant one in the last line of canto xvii.) where the modesty is more immodest than the offence. We are a little afraid that the gentle Blackley retires instead of going to bed. All the best passages he renders (and sometimes spoils) with extreme fidelity; but here and there he does attain the crowning grace of a translator—good version in good verse. Our space permits us only to cite the passage we think his best, from canto viii. (page 55). Ingeborg, the heroine, soliloquizes while awaiting the return of Frithiof, who has gone to ask her of the assembled nation:

"The mighty Balder, in whose shrine I dwell,  
I have offended, for no mortal's love  
Is pure enough for such a god's beholding; . . .  
And yet, what crime is mine? The gentle god  
Could ne'er be angry at a maiden's love.  
Is it not pure as Urd's silver wave,  
And innocent as Gefion's morning dream?  
The lofty sun hath never turned away  
Its eye of brightness from a loving pair;  
And starry Night, the widow of the Day,  
Amidst her mourning hears their vows with joy.  
Can what is holy 'neath the vaulted sky  
Become a crime beneath a temple's dome?  
I love my Frithiof, and have ever loved;  
Far as my furthest recollections go,  
Growth of my growth that love hath ever been;  
When it began I never knew; can tell  
No hour of life that hath not been of love.  
And as the fruit is formed around the core,  
And clinging there in Nature's time becomes,  
Beneath the sunbeams, like a ball of gold,  
So have I too grown up, and ripening glad  
Around this kernel, all my being is  
Only the outward shell that holds my love."

This is good. Ingeborg's noble appeal, and also the second, the difficult Homeric third canto, Frithiof's monody in canto xiv., and the opening of canto xix., are especially well given; but perhaps we cannot conclude better than by putting Mr. Blackley and Mr. Longfellow into juxtaposition, when the non-Scandinavian reader

will have a criterion by which to measure this volume: Mr. Longfellow's best is the third canto, *Frithiof's Inheritance*, but his hexameters (never a strong point of his, we think) are so slovenly that we prefer the following lines, which begin *Frithiof's Temptation*, canto xix., only remarking Mr. Blackley's ingenuity in varying, and the advantage Mr. Longfellow's poet's insight gives him in expressing the Scandinavian simplicity and ruggedness of the original:

Longfellow. "Spring is coming, birds are twittering, forests  
leal, and smiles the sun,  
And the loosened torrents downward, singing, to the ocean run;  
Glowing like the cheek of Freya, peeping rosebuds 'gin to ope,  
And in human hearts awaken love of life, and joy, and hope."

Now will hunt the ancient monarch, and the queen shall join the  
Swarming in its gorgeous splendor, is assembled all the court;  
Bows ring loud and quivers rattle, stallions paw the ground away,  
And with hoods upon their eyelids scream the falcons for their prey.

See, the queen of the chase advances! Frithiof, gaze not at the  
sight!  
Like a spot upon a spring-cloud sits she on her palfrey white,  
Half of Freya, half of Rota, yet more beautiful than these two,  
And from her light hat of purple wave aloft the feathers blue.

Gaze not at her eye's blue heaven, gaze not at her golden hair!  
O beware, her waist is slender; full her bosom is, beware!  
Look not at the rose and lily on her cheek that shifting play,  
List not to the voice beloved, whispering like the wind of May."

Blackley. "Spring-time cometh; wild birds twitter; woods  
grow leafy; sunshine beams,  
Dancing, singing, down to ocean speed the liberated streams;  
Out from its bud the glowing rose peeps forth like blush on  
Freya's cheek;  
And joy of life, and mirth, and hope within the breast of man  
awake."

The aged monarch wills the chase, and with him hies the gentle  
queen;  
And swarming round in proud array is all the court assembled  
seen;  
Bows are twanging, quivers rattle, eager horse-hoofs paw the  
And with hooded eyes the falcons scream impatient for their prey.

Lo, the chase's empress cometh! Hapless Frithiof, glance away!  
Like a star on spring-cloud sitteth she upon her coursers grey.  
Half like Freya, half like Rota, lovelier than the heavenly pair,  
From her slender hat of purple azure plumes float high in air.

Gaze not on her eyes so beauteous, or her golden locks so bright,  
Gaze not on her form so slender, on her bosom so full and white;  
Shun to watch the rose and lily on her soft cheek varying;  
Hark not to the voice beloved, breathing like the sighs of spring."

This puts the quality of the whole volume before the  
reader at a glance, to judge of it for himself. Our own  
conclusion is that it is a most difficult thing measurably  
well done.

*The Lion in the Path: a Novel.* By John Saunders. New York: Hiltion & Co. 1867.—The great success of *Abel Drake's Wife*, and the evidence it afforded of the talent and power of the author, entitled readers to expect that his subsequent works should display at least an equal amount of ability, and not, as in the present instance, show a marked deterioration both in style and construction. It is true that Mr. Saunders told us rather plainly some two or three years ago that his finest efforts were thrown away upon us, that he was guilty of a great mistake in bestowing upon the ungrateful and unappreciative public his more finished labors in the higher walks of literature; but still we entertained a hope that "Jove would relent," that like naughty children, we might be forgiven, or, at least, after a severe reprimand, that we should be once more permitted to behold the light of genius, and if possible offer up our adoration. But pardon is not for us, at least not yet, and so for the present we must be content to accept such intellectual food from this author's pen as he may deem us capable of digesting. But for the knowledge that Mr. Saunders has better gifts to bestow, we might be content, and even thankful, to receive a story abounding in extraordinary incidents and startling discoveries, and with a plot so extremely complicated that it requires a wonderful effort of memory and the most profound attention to follow the thread of the narrative. Still, it cannot be denied that there is a very large class of readers to whom this story will appeal; it is undeniably interesting from the numerous and unlooked-for events with which it abounds, and although the characters are not marked by originality or profound thought, our curiosity is awakened, and we become deeply anxious as to the result of the complicated schemes and mysterious though sometimes improbable stratagems. The hero of the story is one Lord Langton, an espouser of the Jacobite cause and a devoted adherent of the unfortunate son of James the Second, who was driven from the English throne, and who at the time of our story was passing a portion of his exile in Rome. Lord Langton had been married while yet a mere boy to the daughter of the Earl of Bridgeman, a distinguished member of King George's cabinet, who is anxious to annul the marriage, but the lady Hermia is devotedly attached to her outlawed husband, and will not consent to a dissolution of the union. A desire to see his bride induces Langton to revisit England, and the exiled king charges him with one of those dangerous and fruitless missions which were so disastrous to the cause of the Stuarts and so fatal to their followers. The extraordinary facility which the hero evinces for getting into the most difficult scrapes is only equalled by the invariable certainty and speed of his detection. He assumes innumerable disguises, and never fails to be identified by his enemies, who pursue him with untiring assiduity and from whom he escapes in the most remarkable and improbable manner. A more interesting person than the hero is Paul Arkdale, the mercer's apprentice, the incidents of whose early life are naturally and touchingly narrated; his struggles and temptations, his one great fault and its atonement, his intelligence and his honest devotion are excellently depicted by the author, who has shown in more than one instance that he has a strong affection for children. It is impossible in a brief sketch to give the reader a fair knowledge of this extremely complicated story, but the

following account of the execution of some of the Jacobite conspirators is by no means devoid of interest:

"The insurrection and the assassination plot having both failed, there remained only for government to try all the criminals who were thought worthy of prosecution; for the judges and juries to condemn and sentence; for the scaffold at Tyburn to be got ready; and for the cruel mob of London to wait gloatingly for their promised sport."

"And now once more all the hideous scum of London is gathering and foaming in the streets on the way to Tyburn."

"Who are the victims to-day?"  
"Dressed in the very perfection of the gentleman's costume of the time, smiling gayly in answer to every savage and brutal and obscene taunt, moved only to deep emotion and tears when they see those on the route whom they dare not attempt to speak to—wives, brothers, sisters, fathers, mothers, friends—on they go, heeding little the degradation of the mud-stained and jolting cart, giving at times a shout of—"

"Old England for ever! Hurrah for dear old England!"

"There are fourteen of them, all Jacobites, and among them are the routy knight, learned in the law, Sir William Larkyns, also the rich brewer, and also the Jesuit."

"Nothing can be more noble than the conduct of the latter. He is the centre, and the executioner's assistants have given him extra room, and have left his hands at liberty, in order that he may, if he likes, cross in hand, administer pious consolation to his brother rebels."

"He holds a book in his hand, and from time to time reads a prayer, his voice rising solemnly above all the roar of the bigotry and the rascaldom around; then he speaks, now to this man and now to that, especially directing himself to those who seem most cast down; and then again he breaks out with a psalm of rejoicing, and the whole of the unhappy Jacobites join in."

"Just as the work of death was about to begin, and the Jacobites were passed up, one by one, to the last earthly resting place of their feet, an extraordinary accident occurred. It was just noon. The hour of execution had been fixed at twelve. Almost at the very instant the clock began to give warning a darkness came on, and so thickly that the executioner paused on the scaffold to turn to look upon the sky; the human ocean, the mob, became suddenly still with superstitious fear, and the Jacobites themselves stood wondering, and trembled with the irresistible and sudden hope of escape—somehow."

"A wild and foolish thought; and they knew it was so almost before they had time to recognize the thought itself; and there were few among them who did not then feel the bitterness of death in all its intensity, through that wild rush of the soul to the thought of relief."

"And still the darkness increased, till (as many voices were heard to declare) it exceeded the great eclipse in 1748."

"Others pointed out how like it was to the darkness that preceded the earthquake at Lisbon. Then, as now, came with the darkness: hail, rain, wind, and lightning. Driving from the north, where the first cloud was seen, right over London, it swept on into the country beyond, where, in Kent, the storm was so furious as to destroy fowl and sheep, and devastate the fields in more than twenty parishes."

"'Tis the voice of God!' solemnly cried the Jesuit, and his voice in that awful hush was distinctly heard."

"'Did you hear that cry?' asked the Jesuit of the knight."

"'Yes. Do you know whose cry it was?'"

"'I think I do—Lord Langton's.'"

"'Is it possible?'"

"'Listen. This may be serious.'"

"'The first cry of 'Rescue' had been a failure. The solitary voice was noticed, but no one took up the cry.'"

"'Just then a blinding flash of lightning, followed by a terrific and almost endless peal of thunder, caused the mob to become perfectly ungovernable.'"

"'Rescue! Rescue! Stop the hanging! 'Tis the voice of God, as the Jesuit says—shall we not listen to Him?' repeated the voice."

"'Rescue! Rescue!' now shouted out scores of voices."

"'It was Lord Langton,' said the knight to the Jesuit."

"'Rescue! Rescue!'"

"'The cry was caught up as if in a feeling of electric sympathy.'"

"'Rescue! Rescue! Up to the scaffold! Release the men!'"

"shouted the maddened crowd."

"The heaving masses began to beat against the barriers, and to threaten the constables and soldiery inside, who saw their lives would not be worth ten minutes' purchase if those countless thousands did not recklessly rush upon them."

"Just then a regiment of horse marched right upon the enormous crowd of people, just as though they saw nothing of the living wall before them, and meant to go right through it."

"In an instant there was a wild cry of alarm, and an attempt to rush away."

"Already many men and women were lying on the ground, and being trampled upon by the undulating, frightened mob, when the sheriff raised his hand, and checked the march of the soldiery in time to prevent one of the most awful episodes of an execution tragedy."

"The horsemen drew rein. The people gradually calmed down. Artillery came up and pointed their cannon. And then—"

"Why, then the Jacobites resigned themselves calmly to their fate, and the mob had the heartiest satisfaction, before they left the place, of knowing they had had their holiday."

*Lectures on Christian Unity. With an Appendix on the Anglican Communion and the Eastern Churches.* By the Rev. Thos. S. Preston. New York: D. & J. Sadlier & Co. 1867.—The author of these lectures was formerly a minister of the Episcopal Church (which he now calls a "communion"), but seventeen years ago he was "converted" to Roman Catholicism, and is now rector of St. Ann's church, New York, where he delivered these lectures, last year, during the season of Advent. His panacea for curing the schisms and divisions of the Church is a short and simple one—that everybody should submit to the authority of the Pope. Other persons think that the specific has been sufficiently tried, and that it has not succeeded. He writes on the whole in a decorous and kind spirit, though without any great force or novelty of argument; but novelty on such a point is not to be expected of a good Roman Catholic. "There is," he says, "no middle ground to be taken. Either there is one church, with divine authority, or there is none at all."

And by the "church," he means a visible organization under the Pope as its head. On such a basis the argument is an easy one; the only difficulty is in making it work in fact, and in bringing everybody else to agree to it. But, of course, there is no harm in trying. The author mistakes the doctrine of "private judgment," as held by Protestant churches, representing it as the mere supremacy of individual reason and the denial of any and all external authority. But Protestants, instead of denying, maintain the authority of God's Word. The question in the case is about the interpretation of that Word which is presupposed as an authority. Protestants contend for the right of private judgment in such interpretation, especially in opposition to the Roman claim of sole and final infallibility.

Mr. Preston says (p. 88) that Lutherans "do not believe in any distinction between laymen and clergymen," while he elsewhere (p. 96) allows that the Presbyterians do; but the Lutherans hold to this distinction quite as strictly as the Calvinists. In general his account of the



Protestant churches is meagre and superficial. The Episcopal "communion" meets with slight favor at his hands, and he will not hear of an *Eirenicon* which does not include submission.

A concluding note gives testimonies from antiquity about the eucharist, the invocation of saints, and purgatory, somewhat slightly strung together, without criticism. Another note sums up the numbers of the different Christian churches in the world: Roman Catholics about 200,000,000; Greek Church, 66,000,000 (too small); the Protestant Churches, 88,000,000. The number of Roman Catholics in this country is put at 3,177,140, but this counts all the population, while only the communicants in other churches are given.

*Sermons.* By Alexander Hamilton Vinton, Rector of St. Mark's Church, New York. Boston: E. P. Dutton & Co., Church Publishers. 1867.—Just what "Church Publishers" means it might be difficult to say. It is one of the instances of a certain sectarian affectation in the use of the word "church" which is extremely distasteful to the many who can allow no such monopoly to any single communion. But Dr. Vinton's *Sermons* contain no such irrelevant pretensions. He is an admirable, evangelical, forcible, and eloquent preacher. He is a wise master-builder, presenting the truths of the gospel in all directness and simplicity, and enforcing them with unctious and power. Unhindered by any technical and rigid system, he brings out the contrasted truths in their just proportions and with a wise adaptation to the great end of preaching. These sermons might be preached in every evangelical pulpit in the land, and will be found edifying in any Christian household.

*Unspoken Sermons.* By George MacDonald, author of *Within and Without*, *Phantasies*, etc. London: Alexander Strahan. 1867.—The dedication of this beautifully-printed volume is: "These ears of corn, gathered and rubbed in my hands upon broken Sabbaths, I offer first to my wife, and then to my other friends." The sermons are lay sermons, meditations on some of the most important and central questions of divine truth, written in an unshackled method, not tied down either in form or substance to the traditions of theology. The spirit of the writer is genial and outspoken. He holds with conscious faith to many of the central truths of the Christian system, while he also ventures upon some doubtful hypotheses with seeming assurance. Sentiment rather than logic gives shape to his thoughts. The style is careful, often beautiful, sometimes just bordering on prettiness.

#### THE MAGAZINES.

A surprising literary event is the publication in New Jersey of a monthly magazine—*The New Jersey Magazine*—of which the first number, nominally for May, is before us. The editor's explanation of its *raison d'être* is as surprising as the appearance of the magazine. "Probably no state in the Union," he says, "furnishes a highway to a greater number"—which, if it means anything, is a gratulation upon Camden and Amboy that right-minded readers cannot endure. "The spirit of progress energizes the people from the sand-hills of Cape May to the coal-fields of Sussex, and assures her a place among the earnest workers for the public good. She will ever keep step to the tune of the Union, and demands, as she offers, entire sympathy with all." We do not pretend to understand who "she" is, or what connection there can be between the spirit of progress and the people comprehensively indicated by Cape May, which is popularly held to have made as little progress within the memory of man as any region bordering upon civilization could do. "New topics of absorbing interest," we further read, "engage the pens of our ablest writers"—which must ensure the pre-eminence of the magazine, since all its rivals experience great difficulty in finding new topics, whether of absorbing interest or not, and our ablest writers have of late contributed but sparingly to the generality of magazines. "Some of the ablest minds"—and it is certainly novel that even a single mind should write—"in New Jersey are writing for it," while from abroad—"abroad signifying, in New Jersey, that portion of the world which has the misfortune not to be included between the Hudson and the Delaware—"we shall secure whatever of real value may offer"—and it is undeniably very liberal to admit the possibility that something of real value may possibly exist abroad. Altogether the editor's promises are very reassuring and comfortable, and it is pleasant to find that at the close of the magazine he reserves a department for himself, wherein he discourses with that species of freedom and *insouciance* which is characterized, when found in school-boys' compositions, as slop. Among the nine actual articles of the present number, nevertheless, are several very readable ones. The Hon. Jas. W. Wall—better known as Col. Jim Wall—has a paper on Dean Swift as the master of English satire, which the *New Jersey* papers with their usual clearness of perception have been describing as a satire on Dean Swift, and in which Col. Wall has been unusually chary of the profuse rhetorical adornments that usually mark his literary efforts. Mrs. E. C. Howarth, of whom we have spoken at some length elsewhere, and Mr. R. W. Gilder contribute very pretty poems. Major Alfred F. Sears, who has a preference for heathen to Gothic architecture, has an article on the subject, and the Hon. John Whitehead has the first of a series of articles on *The History of the English Language*. The magazine is at all events an honest endeavor to encourage native literature and elude piracy and the paste-pot, and if it can avoid being swamped by contributions from the "Literary Unions" which have something to do with it, it evidently has among its writers some that ought to help it to success.

*Cassell's Magazine*, Part I, consists of the five numbers printed in April of this periodical, which is a new weekly published in London, written by writers of repute and sold for the astonishingly low price of one penny sterling. The part before us has eighty pages crown 4to, is printed

on fine toned paper, and gives, besides the letter-press, sixteen original illustrations. Among the writers for this number we notice the names of John Hollingshead, Walter Thornbury, Dutton Cook, Arthur Sketchley (Rev. Mr. Rose), Moy Thomas—who is reported to be the editor—and others often heard of in connection with leading London magazines. We have not the least doubt of the success of this venture, notwithstanding the daring experiment of putting it at so low a price. Some of the most lucrative publications ever issued from the London press have succeeded on just such a principle of cheapness; and although the feature of affording for such a price not only good paper and typography but purely original matter is, we believe, now first attempted in *Cassell's*, intelligent readers have so greatly increased of late years in England that we doubt not it will find a sufficient number for a liberal support.

The April number of *London Society* has been issued by Messrs. Hurd & Houghton, and is sprightly and entertaining as that magazine almost always is. There are thirteen papers, including three chapters of Miss Annie Thomas's *Playing for High Stakes*—which exhibits considerably more thought and care than some of her previous novels, while it is at least as interesting as any—and the reprint will stand comparison with its English original. *London Society* is a publication which, without being of the very highest order, is evenly well-written, generally amusing, nicely illustrated, and altogether a very suitable monthly for the domestic circle; and, although we should be glad to see American magazines which should in all respects fill the growing demand for such literature in refined families, yet in their absence it is satisfactory to have authorized reprints supplied in fac-simile form and yet at a price for which the originals could not be afforded. Messrs. Hurd & Houghton furnish *London Society* and *The Riverside Magazine* together at a very moderate price and the two make up an interesting and useful selection for young people of cultivated families.

*Belgravia* for April is an attractive number, and we should imagine that this magazine would soon attain a large American circulation. Miss Braddon's new story, *Birds of Prey*, exhibits much individuality, and although the authoress still lays on her vivid colors with a heavy brush, her outlines are clearly sketched, and there is always character and meaning in her grouping and juxtapositions. Perhaps no female writer of the day is now so widely read as Miss Braddon; which is not proof positive of literary excellence, but is certainly evidence of the possession of remarkable tact, spirit, and imagination. The remaining papers of this number are quite up to the average standard of *Temple Bar*, and although the paper on *Vivisection* is a trifle grandiloquent it has real value. The authoress of *Lady Flavia* has a short whole story in this issue. It would be well for the magazines whose staple is fiction to follow this plan a little more closely. A number which is complete in itself is always more attractive to the chance customer, and chance customers are the chief purchasers of light magazines.

*The Congregational Review* opens with an article on the necessity to the welfare of the Church and country of an organization for diffusing Congregational literature, which is divided and sub-divided, like a sermon, to that extent that if the divisions were consecutive they would reach forty-firstly. The article is able, as it is a characteristic of most Congregational writing, and of the contents of this Review in particular, to be; but its eulogiums upon catholicity and tolerance as among the essential attributes of Congregationalism find a very queer commentary in the most distinctive article of the number—that entitled *The Theological Animus of Th Atlantic Monthly*. We have before alluded to the extreme unhappiness with which Calvinistic editors have been overwhelmed by Dr. Holmes's *Guardian Angel*. The writer of this article can contain himself no longer, and with Puritanic unctious uplifts his testimony against Mrs. Stowe, Ik Marvel, and, especially, Dr. Holmes, as persons in sheep's clothing who are no better than ravening wolves. Very few un-Puritan readers, we venture to say, have followed Dr. Holmes in his new story without perceiving the truthfulness of his portraiture. The source of the disquietude is that he has introduced two horrible haridians who, with the unsympathetic hardness and precise formalism that Calvinism is sure to intensify in many naturally sour people who find it to their taste, have nagged a poor girl to the verge of insanity, all on high moral principles. It is a highly colored picture of what in some degree nearly every one has seen, and what few could avoid experiencing whose lot was cast, not so very long ago, in a Puritanical community. *The Congregational Review* describes the author's design as an effort to "disabuse the American mind of what they regard its false reverence for the truths of evangelical religion, by depicting ministers of the gospel and professed believers as such characters that they must be laughed at, if not despised." In fact, what is thus assailed is simply the odious embodiment of hard, narrow, dogmatic bigotry, that makes all about it uncomfortable, itself despicable and ridiculous, and that by clothing itself in a garb of religion has, it is to be feared, aroused in many minds an unconquerable repugnance to religion itself. Doubtless they shall have their reward, but there is much room for satisfaction in the fact that writers of Dr. Holmes's peculiar knowledge of the subject are able to show them to the world as they are, if not to themselves as others see them. It is amusingly condemnatory of Calvinism to note the readiness with which its champions, who deny the existence of the attributes for which it has a bad notoriety, at once take to themselves, and with righteous indignation repel, attacks made on canting bigotry *per se*, as if they endangered religion itself. Harm comes of it, no doubt, but the odium should be laid upon the originators of sham and persecution, not on those who bring them into merited contempt. The article is an interesting study, and we commend it to Dr. Holmes's readers.

Intolerance of the opposite extreme is finely represented

by *The American Quarterly Church Review*, especially in the article on *Church Work and Party Work*, which, we believe, represents a frame of mind largely prevalent among High Churchmen, and that will be one of the most insuperable obstacles to church union—which, in fact, is the *bête noir* of the writer of the article, who protests against such advances as prominent Low Churchmen have made, insisting that they will, "if allowed and persisted in, prove simply suicidal to the Church." This article and the one in *The Congregational Review* on which we chiefly dwell serve as admirable antidotes to one another. A long paper on *Ritualism* partakes not a little of the nature of the breaking of a butterfly on the wheel. Yet, if the matter must really be treated seriously, the large research and clear statements of the writer enable him to establish pretty satisfactorily the illegality of the ritualistic extravagances. It is probably now too late to adopt the policy, which should have been followed from the first, of ignoring the whole thing as a harmless piece of ecclesiastical gingerbread on which weak-minded, frivolous persons, who through some blunder failed to become milliners, might regale themselves until they were cloyed; and it seems really necessary to extinguish a flame which, unfanned by opposition, would in time have expired for want of material. A very readable memoir of Dr. Francis L. Hawks opens the number, of which the remaining articles are upon the division of the diocese of New York, Dr. Shedd's *History of Christian Doctrine*, and Bishop Cox's *Criterion*.

With its last issue *The Galaxy* completes its third volume, and from its position to-day its proprietors have every reason to congratulate themselves upon their triumphant refutation of the croakers who were originally so blatant in their predictions that a publication of its order could never succeed in this country. *The Galaxy* was an experiment upon the popular taste which on every account we rejoice to see has been a successful one and which demonstrates that the demand for trash exists in part because many who must have light reading are unable to find enough that is meritorious to satisfy their wants. It has certainly served to introduce to the public not a few meritorious writers and to open new topics and modes of treatment. It wants—as what American periodical does not?—a humorist, and it ought to have a neater typographical appearance, imperfections which it is much easier to criticize than to remedy.

#### BOOKS RECEIVED.

- CHARLES SCHREIBER & Co., New York.—History of England from the Fall of Wolsey to the Death of Elizabeth. By James Anthony Froude, M.A. Reign of Elizabeth, Vols. III., IV. Pp. 602 and 565. 1867.  
Literary Life of James K. Paulding. Compiled by his son, William L. Paulding. Pp. 337. 1867.  
D. APPLETON & Co., New York.—Frederick the Great and his Family. By L. Mühlbach. Translated by Mrs. Chapman Coleman and her daughters. Pp. 300. 1867.  
HARPER BROTHERS, New York.—Christie's Faith. By the author of *Mattie*. Pp. 519. 1867.  
Black Sheep: a Novel. By Edmund Yates. Pp. 166.  
LEYFOLD & HOLT, New York.—Frithiof's Saga. From the Swedish of Esaias Tegner, Bishop of Westö. By the Rev. William Lewery Blackley, M.A. Edited by Bayard Taylor. Pp. xxviii., 300. 1867.  
JOHN WILEY & SON, New York.—General Problems of Shades and Shadows. By S. Edward Warren, C.E. Pp. 140. 1867.  
J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia.—Poems. By Mrs. F. D. Gage. Pp. 252. 1867.  
LAWRENCE KENNE, New York.—Three Phases of Christian Love. By Lady Herbert. Pp. 315. 1867.  
HILTON & Co., New York.—The Lion in the Path. By John Saunders. Pp. 257.  
JOHN MCPHUR & Co., Baltimore.—Manual of the Lives of the Popes from St. Peter to Pius IX. By John Charles Earle, B.A. Pp. 332. 1867.  
H. B. FULLER & Co., Boston.—The Little Barefoot. Translated from the German of Berthold Auerbach by Eliza B. Lee. Pp. 275.  
W. J. WIDDELTON, New York.—Good English; or, Popular Errors in Language. By Edward L. Gould. Pp. 240. 1867.  
AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY, New York.—Hints and Thoughts for Christians. By Rev. John Todd. Pp. 266. 1867.  
Toils and Triumphs of Union Missionary Colportage for Twenty-five Years. By one of the Secretaries of The American Tract Society. Pp. 182.  
P. O'SHEA, New York.—The Gentle Sceptic. By Rev. C. Walworth. Pp. 368.

#### PAMPHLETS, ETC.

BAKER, VOORHIS & Co.—Manual of Legal Study, United States Bankrupt Law, Notaries' and Commissioners' Hand-book, Amendments to the Internal Revenue Law approved March 3, 1867.

We have also received the current issues of *Belgravia* and *Cassell's Magazine*—London; *The New York Medical Journal*, London Society, *The American Phrenological Journal*, American Journal of Numismatics—New York.

#### ART.

##### PICTURES IN THE BELMONT GALLERY.

LAST week a rare opportunity of inspecting the interesting collection of pictures comprising the gallery of Mr. August Belmont was afforded to connoisseurs and the public at large. For some years past the privilege formerly enjoyed by the public of visiting this collection at set times has been withdrawn. Persons who frequent the auction rooms in which works of art are disposed of are wont to complain of the interruptions and inconveniences caused by the numbers of listless and idle persons of both sexes who crowd into such places without any apparent motive beyond that of the silly sheep whose instinct urges them to buddle together in corners. The Belmont Gallery used to be considered a nice place for lounging in by many objectionable persons of this class. But they did more than lounge there, if we are correctly informed. Their enterprise often led them to investigate curiously the ornamental furniture and articles of vertu distributed through the house, and their love of the æsthetic to furnish themselves surreptitiously with "relics" from these treasures. Thus the thing became a bore to the occupants of the Belmont mansion, and the "visitors' day" at the gallery has long been a thing of the past. A desire to aid the cause of the Southern Relief Association, however, induced Mr. Belmont to



## LITERARIANA.

throw open the doors of his gallery during five days of last week to the public. Visitors were charged an admission fee of one dollar each. This had the effect of keeping objectionable persons from intruding, while the aggregate amount taken during the open days of the gallery must have proved a handsome addition to the fund for the relief of the destitute South.

The limits of our space will allow us to notice but a few of the works with which the walls of the Belmont Gallery are now completely covered from ceiling to floor. In taking a cursory view of the pictures here one is reminded of the collections of French and Flemish paintings annually sent out to this country by Gambart. Here we find the same names that figure so extensively in the Gambart collections—Gérôme and Leys and Troyon, and all the celebrities that make up the Paris and Brussels schools of to-day. The pictures by Troyon here are less favorable samples of that artist than many that have been on view in some other collections exhibited in this city. One that was in the Wright Gallery is far better than either of those seen by us in the Belmont. There is a capital Gérôme here, though—Diogenes, of cynical repute, squatting naked and surly in his tub of earthenware, and trimming his lantern in the broad light of day. The catiff cures that eye him are full of pariah character. Of Meissonier there are two examples here. "The Chess-Players" is a well known one, but connoisseurs are apt to recur to it with pleasure. A "Cavalier in an Anteroom" is the subject of the other, which was on view at Knødler's for some time previous to its purchase by Mr. Belmont. Both of these may be considered as first-class Meissoniers; and yet the original water-color drawing of the "Cavalier," which was in the Gambart collection of last winter, dwells with us as being superior in force and color to this one in oil. Rosa Bonheur figures well here in a large picture comprising a group of huntsmen waiting upon a wild, heathery wold, with their hounds. The individuality given to the latter is admirable; and this is a point by which the genius of Bonheur is chiefly marked. The quality of a cattle piece here from the same pencil is hardly so good. Robert Fleury is about at his best—and that is not so very good either—in this historical picture of the attack upon the Castle of St. Angelo, in which red predominates with something of a glare. Better in action than this is a small picture by the late Horace Vernet, in which Algerine architecture and impetuous Zouaves are the combining elements. A bull, painted by Brascassat, is full of animal passion and action, albeit somewhat idealized in anatomy and type. The profile subject of Faust and Marguerite has furnished the Baron Leys with material for a large picture in his best vein. There are fewer of his absurdities in this composition than in any one of his pictures lately seen by us, while in solid painting and the rendering of surfaces it is well up to his mark. The small marine pieces here of L. Meyers are better, we think, than yon very large one by the same artist. Andreas Achenbach outstrips him, though, in this line. Especially good is that twilight coast scene of his with the moon rising over the dark sea. Of the large picture by A. Schelfhout—an interior scene, with figures at table—we cannot say much in praise. It has all the stiffness and formality of the school to which it belongs. An excellent picture by L. Knauss is that large one representing a procession of lads and lasses emerging into the open country from the gateway of an ancient chateau. Last winter it was on view at Knødler's, where it attracted much notice. By the same artist we have here a subject taken apparently from village life, a robust person of magisterial type rating a tall, rawboned "loafer." The latter is a capital bit of character of the rascal stamp. Dillens, whose picture of a peasant wedding in Zealand was an attraction in the Gambart collection of two years since, is represented here by a very charming cabinet picture of a young man and his sweetheart crossing a plank bridge. There is great sweetness of color and expression in this picture. Willem's is less happy than usual in his family group of a lady sewing and a little girl building up a house of cards; and yet there is much truth of character and expression here. There are at least three examples of Hugues Merle here, and of these we really like best a small, sketchy one hung very high up—a group of ladies enjoying the summer air out in the fields. A picture of a student by A. Stevens is a marked example of that painter, displaying much force and delicacy combined. Meyer Von Bremen, with his *Petit frère dormant*, is very acceptable. In depicting the arch and tender character of children this artist is not often excelled. The English school, apparently, finds but little favor with Mr. Belmont. It is represented here chiefly by a large picture of Ansdell's, whose works, when figuring in the same gallery with Bonheur's, are open to invidious comparison. This large composition of sheep huddled together at a mountain pass is colorless and murky to a sad extent. Bouguereau's fine picture of an Italian woman with an infant in her arms, exhibited last winter at Knødler's, is one of the new acquisitions to this gallery, in the anteroom of which it is hung.

There are vast numbers of small pictures distributed throughout the gallery, and, in the absence of a catalogue, it would not be easy to speak intelligently of many of them. In the Meissonier manner there are not a few upon the walls. Chavet figures with a miniature oil picture introducing persons engaged in playing billiards. A sort of small mosaic work is this, with the rule and compass very manifest in the lines. Fauvellet has sweet color in a merely suggestive little bit of his with a couple of ladies and a mellow mass of foliage; and among these smaller treasures of the gallery we must not omit to notice a clever little picture by Guillemin, representing an old miser who has been counting out his coins, and is listening now with nervous, wretched anxiety to hear whether his privacy is likely to be intruded upon. And here we must close our remarks upon a gallery in which a whole summer day might be very pleasantly and profitably spent.

MR. CHARLES DICKENS, as the newspapers in their notices of the new Boston edition of his works have announced with great unanimity, is to receive from its publishers a share in its profits. That the publishers would be ready to make such an offer, in view of their own position and that of Mr. Dickens and other considerations, seemed highly probable; but that Mr. Dickens, who had received large sums from a New York house for the right to print his works, would feel himself at liberty to accept it seemed so doubtful that we awaited with some interest the result of the transaction. It appears from the statement of *The Tribune* that he received the first instalment of over £200 with "great satisfaction" and wrote respecting it to a friend in this country: "I think you know how high and far beyond the money's worth I esteem this act of manhood, delicacy, and honor. I have never derived greater pleasure from the receipt of money in all my life." Of course, in the present absence of international copyright, Mr. Dickens had every legal right to accept the money and thereby authorize, so far as the author's assent can authorize, the Boston edition. The history of his books in this country is, however, such as show that he had parted with his property in them on this side the Atlantic. Ever since the establishment of their *Magazine* it has been the practice of Messrs. Harper & Bros. to buy the advance sheets of his novels with their illustrations for publication in either their *Monthly* or their *Weekly*, including those from *Bleak House*, if we remember correctly, to *Our Mutual Friend*. Having printed them serially, the Messrs. Harper have been in the habit of selling to Messrs. T. B. Peterson & Bros., for publication in book form, all their future right to the works and their illustrations: As to the prices paid, we learn from *The Philadelphia Press* that for the last three books—*A Tale of Two Cities*, *Great Expectations*, and *Our Mutual Friend*—over \$24,000 in currency was paid and that the total payments have exceeded \$60,000. From this state of affairs it would appear that Mr. Dickens, by accepting a royalty from other publishers, is, as it were, selling that which he has already sold and to which he has no title. His own somewhat pronounced views on the copyright question make it all the more surprising that he should thus connive at the disregard of rights of which he has an especial appreciation. We have often expressed our regret that respectable publishing houses should avail themselves of the absence of legal restrictions to do what they know to be thoroughly reprehensible and shabby, but it is rarely that an author of Mr. Dickens's standing is to be found lending his aid to the offence.

MESSRS. G. P. PUTNAM & SON are about to add to their business another department, which, no doubt, will be of great service to those for whom it is designed. This is an "Artists' Business Bureau," which shall afford a new medium of communication between artists and the public. For this purpose they intend fitting up the old National Academy rooms as their gallery, in which they will have six bi-monthly collections in each year and public sales each spring and fall. The connections of the firm afford such facilities for the development of the plan as to leave little doubt that it will be advantageous and popular with both artists and buyers.

MESSRS. J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co. are to publish in this country several important English works of which we have previously spoken. Among these are the concluding volume of *Chambers's Encyclopedia*, which is now in course of preparation, and will be issued during the year; the version of Bishop Percy's *Reliques*, from the original MS., which, as we explained some months since, Prof. Child and others obtained permission from the bishop's heirs to copy; and also the various issues of "The Early English Text Society," which thus far are twelve in number, and of which a new volume, *The Anglo-Saxon Rule of St. Benet*, is now being prepared by Mr. Richard Morris.

MRS. ELLEN CLEMENTINE HOWARTH—a writer of New Jersey who deserves a wider reputation than her circumstances have enabled her to obtain—is likely soon to publish her collected poems. Mrs. Howarth's is a wholly untutored genius. Her education has been only that which she could obtain, in the intervals of manual labor, from such books as fell in her way. In addition to the burden of extreme poverty, her husband was disabled from all labor many months ago by an accident which befell him in the iron-works in which he was employed, and upon Mrs. Howarth fell the entire burden of providing for him and a family of young children, until recently she was herself prostrated by a stroke of paralysis. Her livelihood was obtained partly by making the cane seats of chairs, partly by her pen. Unfortunately, however, she lives at Trenton, N. J.—perhaps one of the most hopelessly unintellectual cities in the Union—and it has always been among the cardinal principles of New Jersey papers to pay nothing for contributions, so that her receipts in this quarter were very limited, while the resources of the papers in her own town were such as to prevent their adequate remuneration of her efforts. After expressing admiration and sympathy for a dozen years or thereabouts, the people of Trenton, a few weeks since, gave a concert for her benefit, by which somewhat less than a thousand dollars were obtained as the nucleus of a fund with which to provide her a home. A collection of her poems was printed some years ago; but the volume was unfortunately entitled, was shabby in appearance, and was in the charge of a third-rate Philadelphia publisher—whereby its failure was a matter of course. The contents of the new volume has been selected from her numerous writings by two Newark gentlemen of literary taste and experience, who have arranged, we are informed, for its publication by a New York house. It is hardly necessary to say that poems produced under such surroundings as we have described are unequal in merit, and that many

of them fail to give adequate token of the unmistakable genius that marks others. We have no hesitation, however, in promising that the volume shall justify no less surprise than admiration for the bravery of the genius that has struggled on without succumbing to such accumulated trials; and we have pleasure in closing this paragraph by quoting a ballad which Mrs. Howarth originally contributed to a local newspaper, now extinct, as a sample of the volume of which we presume it will form a part:

## "RUFUS THE KING.

"One morn in summer's glory,  
Beneath an old oak hoary,  
This wild romantic story  
I heard a poet sing:  
How once, the wassail ended  
By lords and dukes attended,  
From castle well defended  
Rode Rufus the king.

"The huntsman's bugle sounded,  
The fiery coursers bounded,  
And he, by guards surrounded,  
Rushed on with reckless spring,  
Till soon, a by-way choosing,  
All company refusing,  
His path in forest losing,  
Rode Rufus the king.

"The darkness gathered o'er him,  
An unknown path before him,  
And still his courser bore him  
As on an eagle's wing;  
Till sudden came a crashing,  
A steed in fury dashing,  
And blood the green sward splashing  
Near Rufus the king.

"The morning broke in splendor,  
And help, as true and tender  
As woman's hand could render,  
Did to the monarch bring,  
One in her girlhood flying  
From his unhalloved slinging  
Pillowed the head in dying  
Of Rufus the king.

"This tale of days departed,  
Of woman faithful hearted,  
Just to my memory started  
This balmy day in spring;  
But sleeping pale and gory  
In manhood's April glory  
Is he who sang this story  
Of Rufus the king."

MESSRS. ALEXANDER STRAHAN & Co., we regret to learn, have concluded their arrangements for relinquishing their publishing business in this country. Their books, and we believe their several periodicals, have been transferred to the New York branch of the house of Routledge & Co., whose own attractive stock of publications will thus be enlarged by what we have frequently had occasion to commend as some of the pleasantest and most beautiful books of the day.

MR. A. M. H. BALL is about to publish a book or pamphlet of some kind in vindication of his title to the authorship of *Rock Me to Sleep, Mother*—a very pretty little poem, but with nothing about it to make worth while the protracted squabble respecting it. Several gentlemen of New Jersey, we understand, gravely record in the book their satisfaction with Mr. Ball's claims, and the whole procedure is only more reasonable than the proposal of the poet's fellow legislators to set the matter at rest by legislative enactment.

GEN. ROBERT E. LEE's review of his campaigns is so far advanced that terms have been made by a New York publisher respecting it. Another important southern book under way is the history of Gen. Forrest's campaigns. Of the first of these works there need be no apprehension that it will not be worthy of its subject, and we trust the latter will be so likewise. The present reception of war books is of minor importance, but it is no small matter that both parties to the civil war put on record, as soon as may be, authentic histories of the part they took in the struggle. Both of these books—Gen. Lee's, perhaps, more than any that has been written—should be of immense value to future historians.

MR. FRED. B. PERKINS, with the last issue of *The Galaxy*, which completes its third volume, retires from its editorship. Under his administration *The Galaxy* has become one of the most readable magazines of this country or England.

MR. JOHN G. SAXE, it is said, is to become one of the contributors to *Punch*.

MISS DODGE—Gail Hamilton—will soon publish a book on western themes, written in her usual vein.

MR. RALPH WALDO EMERSON is reading the proofs of his new volume of poems, to be published next month.

MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE is writing to a Boston journal letters on Florida, with which a newspaper rumor says she is so much pleased that she talks of buying and living there.

MR. JEFFERSON DAVIS, we learn on similar authority, is writing an autobiography for posthumous publication.

MR. JOHN MEREDITH READ, JR., author of the *Life of Henry Hudson*, is at work upon *The Manors of the Hudson River*, a book of local history and antiquities, chiefly respecting the manors and their owners, together with the legends of the region immortalized by Irving. Drawings of the old houses are to form a part of the book, which is, we understand, to be published in Albany.

THE REV. DR. WORCESTER, eminent among the Swedenborgians, has retired from the active duties of his ministry in order to devote himself to writings on theological topics.

MR. CHARLES WARREN STODDARD will soon publish in San Francisco his collected poems in an illustrated volume which *The Californian* describes as "in all respects the finest specimen of California bookmaking hitherto produced."

MR. EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN, so far from hav-

ing abandoned literature, as a newspaper paragraph is stating, has been for four months diligently employed upon the translation of Bion and Moschus on which we reported him engaged long since.

THE REV. JOSEPH ALDEN, D.D., LL.D., formerly of Williams and Jefferson colleges, but better known, perhaps, by his elementary works on ethical and economic subjects, has been appointed president of the New York State Normal School.

THE discovery of posthumous chapters from Dean Swift, of which we spoke last week, turns out to have been, as we had some misgivings at the time might be the case, a Chattertonism. A correspondent applying to *The Pall Mall Gazette* for more information and extracts, the editor explains that "we have written to the young man in the Temple who supplied us with the suppressed passage from *Gulliver*," and that the young man in the Temple wrote that he was then leaving town, "so that I can't write anything immediately. If the public would like another suppressed passage or two from *Gulliver*, of course they can be done; but I am in doubt whether a man who is pronounced by so grave and acute a critic as *The London Review* to be as admirable a satirist and as good a writer as Swift ought not to set up on his own account and wear his own laurels."

It appears that *The Day*, the new Adullamite daily, is to be persecuted about its name, as *Belgravia* was by somebody who years ago printed a paper with that title.

MR. DICKENS—the English papers say, as if the circumstance were noteworthy by those who intend reading his future volumes—"evinced great interest in twelve Fenian convicts going in the same boat with him" on their way to prison. Perhaps *The Tale of Two Cities*, in Mr. Dickens's opinion, did not exhaust the vein opened in *Barnaby Rudge*.

MR. A. C. SWINBURNE'S *Song of Italy*, from which our London correspondent enables us to print copious extracts elsewhere, is some eight hundred lines in length, and will shortly be published in England.

THE REV. WILLIAM ALEXANDER, Dean of Early, is a candidate for the chair of poetry at Oxford, and between him and Sir Francis Doyle, *The Spectator* thinks, the choice is likely to be. The dean is an Oxford prizeman in sacred poetry, though his principal claim is rested on

his critical essays, some of which are now in the press. In the issue of *The Spectator* which sets forth his claims we find two short epigrams from his pen, of which we quote that

"ON THE REV. R. H., WHO DIED OF TYPHUS FEVER, IN DOGAY CATHEDRAL.

"Down through our crowded lanes and closer air,  
O friend! how beautiful thy footsteps were.  
When through the fever's waves of fire they trod,  
A form was with thee like the Son of God.  
'Twas but one step for those victorious feet  
From their day's walk unto the golden street,  
And they who saw that walk, so bright and brief,  
Have mark'd it thus marble with their hope and grief."

MR. EDWARD MUELLER, of Colhen, has just completed his *Etymological Dictionary of the English Language*, in which large use is made of the works of Wedgwood, Max Müller, Koch, Diefenbach, Diez, and others.

MR. HERBERT SPENCER will immediately publish, if he has not already done so, the second and final volume of his *Principles of Biology*.

M. EDMUND ABOUT has just published *L'Infâme* in Paris.

## ANNOUNCEMENTS.

Announcements cannot be made unless received on or before the Saturday preceding the date of publication.

WILLIAM W. SPENCER, Boston:  
Dissertations and Discussions by John Stuart Mill.  
Sermons by Rev. E. B. Hall, D.D. With a memoir.  
Sermons by Rev. Samuel Barrett, D.D.  
CHARLES SCHRIENER & Co., New York:  
The Select Works of James K. Paulding, viz.:  
The Bulls and the Jonathans,  
Tales of the Good Woman,  
A Book of Vagaries,  
The Dutchman's Fireside.

HURD & Houghton, New York:  
The Champagne Country. By Robert Tomes, late Consul at Rheims.  
Homespun; or, Five-and-Twenty Years Ago. By Thomas Lackland.

Old England; Its Scenery, Art, and People. By James M. Hopkin, professor in Yale College.  
Conversations on Ritualism.

A Record of the Metropolitan Fair in Aid of the United States Sanitary Commission, held at New York in April, 1864. With photographs.  
J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia:  
The Invisibles: an Explanation of Phenomena commonly called Spiritual.

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Elsie Magoon; or, The Old Still-House. A Temperance Tale. Founded upon the actual experience of every-day life. By Mrs. Frances D. Gage.  
Peace, and Other Poems. By John J. White.  
Bulwer's Novels. Globe Edition. Each novel complete in one volume.  
Liddell & Scott's Greek-English Lexicon. Oxford edition. Coming Wonders, expected between 1867 and 1870. By the Rev. M. Baxter, author of *The Coming Battle*.  
Nichols & Noyes, Boston:  
Emmanuel Swedenborg, as a Philosopher and Man of Science. By Rudolph L. Tafel.

## THE ROUND TABLE.

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SATURDAY, APRIL 13.

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LONDON.

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CHURCH-GOING, PRINCIPLES AND PRACTICE.

REVIEWS:

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